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GREAT BATTLE FOR FARMERS NEAR AT HAND

Senator Capper Announces Fight to Start in Congress to Extend Agricultural Credit System.

The next great battle to be fought in congress for the benefit of the American agriculturist will open with the session in December and will have for its object legislation to create a system of credits that will help the farmer in his struggle against "an unjust and inequitable system of marketing."

This was the announcement made by United States Senator Arthur Capper, leader of the senate farm bloc.

"The marketing system works directly against the interests of the farmer," Senator Capper said. "The farmer is the only business man who has no control over the selling price of his product. A manufacturer of automobiles can set a price that will represent a fair return on his investment; the farmer must take whatever he is offered.

Extend Farm Credits.

"Lacking sufficient capital, the farmer usually is forced to sell his crop when the market is against him. He sells his wheat, for instance, at a low price, because he must have ready money with which to meet his obligations. The speculator buys the wheat and hoards it in warehouses and elevators until the price goes up. All the "velvet" from the crop goes to the speculator.

"Under the farm credit system I hope to work out, the farmer will be able to put his wheat in the warehouse and borrow money on his warehouse receipts for six months. The banks have always preferred to grant credits with notes payable in 60 or 90 days. The farmer cannot pay in two or three months. It takes 10 months or a year to grow the crops. The credits probably would be handled in connection with the farm loan system, which, for the first time, is now functioning as it was intended to function."

The senate farm bloc consists of 11 Republicans and 14 Democrats from Southern and Western agricultural states. The leader of the bloc feels it needs no apology.

"I hadn't been long in Washington before I discovered that I would have to specialize if I ever expected to get anywhere," he explained. "No man can be an expert on every possible subject of legislation. I chose for my specialty agriculture, in which I am most interested, and asked for a place on the agricultural committee.

"Why not a farm bloc? There have been a Wall Street bloc and a railroad bloc for a long time, although those groups do not come frankly into the open. The farm bloc has nothing to conceal."

"What have the farmer and the city worker in common, and how can they co-operate for their mutual benefit?" the senator was asked.

"Economically, the farmer and labor have nothing on common," he asserted. "The farmer wants to sell his produce for the highest possible price, while the city worker wants to buy it at the lowest possible price. Morally, however, they have much in common in waging joint warfare on those who would exploit both."

The farmer who is conscious of his own best interests will use either the Republican or the Democratic party to advance the cause of agriculture and will not support the Non-Partisan league movement, Senator Capper believes.

"The great majority of the farmers in Kansas, at any rate, are too conservative to support such a movement," he observed. "The farmer is not radical or bolshevistic. While the Non-Partisan league has done some good, I think it has gone much too far in many of its socialistic proposals.

Sees No Hope for League.

"Nor will the farmer support a third party. I was a strong Roosevelt man. If anybody could put over a third party I believe that man was Roosevelt. But even he couldn't break the ranks of the two old parties."

Intimations that the League of Nations may be a campaign issue again in 1924 do not disturb the senator. He believes that, while the people of the United States will support international co-operation, such as the Washington conference for the limitation of armaments, they will not approve American participation in the League of Nations. He believes it is fortunate that the United States did not accept an Armenian mandate under the League of Nations.

"If we had accepted that mandate at least 50,000 American soldiers would be quartered in Turkey today as an emergency expense, from which the United States would receive no return," he said.

Former U. S. Ship Began Greek War

The war with Turkey which has brought disaster upon Greece and threatens to involve the entire world in another conflict, was started by the former American battleship Idaho, now the Greek Lemnos. The Idaho was rechristened after a naval victory against the Turks in 1912 off the Island of Lemnos.

The Greeks purchased the battleship Mississippi from the United States in 1913. This ship was named the Kilkos following a famous battle against Bulgaria.

Carpenter to Write for Blade

Frank G. Carpenter, famous world traveler and writer, whose articles appeared in The Blade several years ago, will again write a series of weekly articles on conditions in Europe for this paper.

The first of the series will appear in the issue of October 19. Mr. Carpenter is sparing neither effort nor expense to obtain the rock-bottom truth about conditions abroad.

Many of The Blade's readers who were interested in Carpenter's articles on Alaska published in this paper some time ago will welcome his return as a Blade writer. He is interesting as well as instructive and those who fail to read what he writes will indeed miss something worth while.

Remember, the latest world travels of Frank G. Carpenter begin in this paper on October 19.

U. S. WILL BACK ALLIED PROGRAM

Hughes Says Government Is in Accord With Near East Peace Plans.

Allied proposals to insure effective freedom of the Dardanelles and protection of racial and religious minorities in negotiating a permanent peace settlement of the Near Eastern crisis "are closely in accord with American sentiment," Secretary Hughes declared last week in the first formal assertion of American policy toward the Turkish problem.

At the same time Hughes took occasion to express the trust of the Washington government that arrangements would be made to keep the straits open and maintain peace "pending the conference to conclude a final treaty of peace between Turkey, Greece and the allies."

No authoritative statement was available as to the possibility that the Washington government would accept an invitation to be represented at the conference of Venice to negotiate the peace treaty. As the question has not arisen, which in unofficial reports from London as to the desire of the British government for American participation, it was deemed to be not now before the American government.

There was some feeling among officials that the positive assertion of American approval of the main allied principles of settlement might help smooth out the situation. It was felt that the Kemalist government might be influenced to a certain extent by knowledge of the American viewpoint. As a matter of routine any governmental pronouncement of such importance as Secretary Hughes' statement is communicated to American diplomatic representatives abroad and Rear Admiral Bristol at Constantinople will without question be able to advise the Kemalist representative there quite fully of the American attitude.

SEEKS PEACE IN COUNTRY; BACK TO CITY

Quiet of Town is Soothing After Country Shattered Nerves of Family.

Life in the country sounded good as a theory to Mrs. Margaret Chamberlain. She and her three small children have moved back to the city, where it is quieter.

"It was not a home I was living in—it was a menagerie," she said. "Bears drank from the same spring we did; our woodpile was infested with rattlesnakes; milksnakes came into the kitchen and the children not knowing what they were, toyed with them; wild cats sat on the porch and made the nights hideous with their shrieks; weasels ran over my feet when I sat outside; vipers hissed when I picked berries and when the wind blew it rained devil's darning needles from nearby trees. Outside of this life in the country was not so bad."

Million Enrolled for White Ribbon

The World's Women's Christian Temperance union, which will hold its tenth convention at Philadelphia, Nov. 12 to 16, has 1,000,000 members of 40 nationalities, says a statement from headquarters of the national organization.

The first president of the international organization was Margaret Bright Lucas, sister of John Bright, British prime minister. Her successors were Frances E. Williard, Lady Henry Somerset, and Rosalind, countess of Carlyle. Since the countess' death, Miss Anna A. Gordon, vice president, has been acting president.

"Flapper Shop" Is Forced Bankrupt

Long gowns, vampirish hats and all the other latest "women of the world" type of female fittings from Paris are winning the battle against the sporty short-skirted, dinky-hatted appurtenances of flapperdom. This became apparent with the announcement of the filing of an involuntary petition of bankruptcy against the "Flapper Shop," owned by Miss Fannie Lubalt of New York.

The bobbed headed girls of Greenwich Village and Times square changed their allegiance from New York to the Rue de la Paix so suddenly that Miss Lubalt found herself stranded with lots of non-regulation uniforms.

Fishermen Catch Giant Devil Fish

A devil fish, captured in Gulfport, Miss., by two shrimp fishermen, measured 18 feet across and 13 feet in length. Estimates of its weight ranged from 2,000 to 3,500 pounds. Thirty-two men attempted to pull it up on the beach but got only half its body out of the water.

VETS WILL GET PENSION BOOST

House to Act on Bill to Increase Benefit for Civil War Men.

A pension increase from $50 to $72 a month for Civil and Mexican war veterans, possibly as a Christmas gift from Uncle Sam, is planned by Republican leaders in congress.

A bill providing the pension increase already has passed the senate and Senator Bursum, Republican, New Mexico, its author, says he has been promised by house Republican leaders, that it will be passed by the house soon after that body reconvenes. He expects the bill to become law before the holidays.

All Civil and Mexican war veterans having served 90 days, or any who have developed disabilities, would receive the increase from $50 to $72 a month under the bill and their widows' pensions would be increased from $30 to $50 a month. Other beneficiaries under the bill include Civil war army nurses, who were receiving $50 a month, while pensioners of the Indian wars would receive $30 and their widows $20 a month.

The Bursum bill is designed to meet the needs of veterans of advanced years, but because of increasing death rate the bill, Senator Bursum stated, would not mean actual draft upon the treasury over the present pension rolls. The pension bureau estimated that the increased cost of the Bursum bill during the first year would amount to about $60,000,000, but Senator Bursum told the senate that revised estimates placed it at not more than $35,000,000. The present pension outlay is about $300,000,000 annually.

War Rumors Find Fortune's Soldiers Ready for Battle

War in the East and rumors of war have stirred again the romantic imagination of that picturesque army of professional soldiers, the soldiers of fortune army. Once more they are flocking to the colors, to any old colors, willing to fight under any allegience for their rations, uniforms and the insignificant pay of the soldier and to take their chief reward in suffering and the thrills of adventure.

Reports from all parts of Europe tell of threadbare officers, down on their luck since the armistice deprived them of the only profession which many of them ever learned, beating their way to the near East to offer themselves to either the Greeks or Turks.

It makes little difference on which side they fight so long as the prospect offers the old army discipline, the uniform and the undefinable lure of perilous adventure. They are the men of all nationalities.

In London trained soldiers of all ranks, from the acting buck in the rear rank up to the grade of colonel, are approaching the war office to request service overseas. They are distinguishable by their military bearing. Officers are numerous among these applicants for the same reason which animates many former enlisted men—unemployment.

Thus far, however, most of these volunteers have been turned away with the information that they will be called if the necessity arises.

CONSTANTINE IS COMPELLED TO LEAVE THRONE

Prince George Made Greek King When Army and Navy Stage Bloodless Revolution.

For the second time in his life King Constantine has been forced to abdicate the throne of Greece. A bloodless revolution, led by an officer named Gonatas, was the cause of the abdication. Crown Prince George took the oath as a king, and, pending the formation of a new ministry, a group of 12 army and navy officers took charge of the government.

Alexandre Zaimis, who was premier when Constantine was expelled from Greece in 1917 and whose father headed the Greek cabinet when King Otho I was dethroned by the revolution of 1862, has been selected to head the new ministry which is composed of independents, Venizelists and military officers.

The revolutionary movement was headed by an officer named Gonatas, variously described as a general and a colonel, who organized the soldiers on the islands of Mytilene and Chios, off the Smyrna coast, to which they were removed following their crushing defeat by the Turkish nationalists. An order for the demobilization of these troops is said to have been the immediate cause of their mutiny.

The revolt quickly spread to the navy and many of the warships refused to answer queries sent out by the admiralty. An airplane appeared over Athens and showered the city with pamphlets signed by Gonatas and demanding the resignation of the government and the abdication of the king. This created turmoil in the capital, and crowds surged through the streets and about the public buildings. Then a number of the war vessels started for Athens.

A large number of troops mutinied in Saloniki, but this development is said to have taken the form of a military movement organized in Thrace against the Turks.

The Greek revolution was in protest against the stand taken by the allies, who expressed themselves in a note to Mustapha Kemal, leader of the Turkish nationalists, as favorable to Turkish occupation of Thrace, which was ceded to Greece at the conclusion of the World war.

GREEK PRINCE ONCE BARRED FROM THRONE

New King, Like Father, Was Declared Pro-German by Allies in 1917.

Crown Prince George, who is to ascend the throne of wartorn Greece, is the eldest son of Constantine, retired king, and was excluded from succession to the crown by the allied terms which compelled his father's first abdication in 1917. Both Constantine and Prince George were said to be pro-German.

Prince George was born in July, 1890, and married Princess Elizabeth of Rumania in 1921. He accompanied the Royal party to Asia Minor in 1921 and was a member of the staff of the Greek commander, General Papoulas.

Constantine was born Aug. 3, 1868, and received his education under German tutors and army officers. He was dismissed as commander of the Greek army in 1909 because of popular clamor against him. He became a national hero and was accorded the popular title of "the liberator" in 1912 when he led a Greek army in the capture of Salonika from the Turks.

Swimming Record Set

Miss Hart of England has broken the world's swimming record for 100 meters breast stroke, accomplishing the distance in one minute 33 2-5 seconds. She swam in the Aldershot Command Baths. The previous record was one minute 37 3-5 seconds by Miss Van Bogaert, in Belgium, July 22 last.

A Natural Association

—Ireland in Columbus Dispatch.

SAYS HE CAN TRACE DISEASE BY HANDWRITING OF PATIENT

The amazing assertion that, from the handwriting on a letter or a note, can be diagnosed disease and its exact location in the body of the writer, was made by Dr. Albert Abrams of San Francisco, in Chicago to lecture before a medical body.

Not only can diseases be diagnosed from handwriting but the sex of the writer, whether living or dead, and the location of the writer at the time the writing is examined, also can be determined. Dr. Abrams asserted.

"I know this sounds grotesque," said the scientist, whose past discoveries have gone down in medical history, "but I have done it. My students have done it. There is nothing grotesque about it when one understands the electronic theory."

The electronic theory, which Dr. Abrams worked on for more than 10 years, is based on the accepted fact that all life is electronic motion. Dr. Abrams asserts and substantiates his assertion by 12,000 infallibly diagnosed cases, that all diseases are nothing more than the electrons jarred out of their normal positions, "electrons gone mad." And to cure all diseases, all that is necessary, is to combat the radio-activity which each disease has by a precise counter radio-activity. Dr. Abrams, in making these assertions, offers a complete catalog of almost all known diseases with the specific radio activity which can be used to destroy that disease.

Going on his assumption that all matter is electronic energy, the doctor asserted that even abstract thought was electrons put in motion and thought provided physical reflexes.

Without a machine, with nothing but his own sensitively tuned body. Dr. Abrams, using the writer as a subject, accurately recorded in a series of experiments the "thought transference" of the writer. Mental telepathy, which has been accepted by scientists but not explained, is explained by Dr. Abrams on the same theory of electronic motion. The doctor further asserts that these socalled supernatural phenomena, the mysterious ectoplasm which is engaging the attention of scientists over all the world, most likely is "condensed thought."

Bachelors' Club Gives Up Ghost

A Chicago bachelors' club stood deserted one day recently.

"It's too lonesome," said Clarence J. Bassett, jeweler, and last surviving member of the club, "so I have sold it."

Thirty-two years ago the clubhouse was erected by 23 Waukegan business men.

"This is the life," they said. "No wedding bells for us."

In the snug security of their comfortable retreat they enjoyed "the life" of the so-called "free and the brave."

But it was the same old story. One by one the members grew less. Next Summer the house will be turned over to vacationists.

"PASSION PLAY" ENDS; DREW 315,000 VISITORS

Her "Passion Play" over, her crowds of tourists gone and her shops sold bare of souvenirs, Oberammergau has slipped back into another decade of peace and quiet. Some 315,000 visitors came to see the "Passion Play" this season and left millions of marks which the village can devote to improvement purposes.

The gross receipts of the play itself were some 20,000,000 marks, the sale of books and photographs netting another 4,000,000. Other millions were spent in the village shops and restaurants.

Up to the end of August, 18,000 Americans had attended the play. Now that the approximately 800 performers are allowed to settle back and rest after their arduous labors for the last five months, the news that $1,000,000 has been offered for the privilege of filming the play meets with a rather cool reception among the rank and file of the villagers.

The elders, especially, express resentment at the "profanation" they feel would be committed were the deal to be completed.

In the entire season only one serious mishap occurred among the thousands of visitors and that was the automobile accident resulting in the injury of Miss Mary Tumulty, daughter of Joseph P. Tumulty, secretary to former President Wilson. Miss Tumulty is still in the Munich hospital.

WORLD-HISTORY IN THE MAKING

CHANAK is the name of a fishing village of 8,000 inhabitants. It dominates the Dardanelles. The history of the village dates back to the Trojan wars.

Chanak is in danger of exploding. All that is needed to touch it off is a match, and Mustapha Kemal Pasha, the blue-eyed commander of the Turkish army, has the match. The village, which is inhabited mostly by Turks, is fortified by the British, who are in command at the present time. There is a curfew order in force and the residents must go to bed early. The situation is intense.

Taking this town, which guards the Dardanelles, would be no small accomplishment. Around it are three lines of trenches. The army that attacks will not only draw fire from these but the combined bombardment of six superdreadnaughts, a dozen cruisers, a squadron of destroyers and a rain of bombs from the air.

Will there be war? This is written at the beginning of the week. The end of the week may bring the answer.

What the Turks Want.

If there is to be war in the Near East it will be between Great Britain and Turkey. At the start it will be between these two nations. Nobody can foresee how many nations might be drawn into it.

Turkey was an early quitter in the World war, as far as that particular conflict was concerned, but war has never been out of her mind. She wants what the allies took from her by the Treaty of Sevres, in 1920. That treaty compelled the withdrawal of the Turks from Europe and provided for the division of the most desirable portions of the Ottoman Empire in Asia Minor among the allies, leaving the Turks only the barren stretches of the central part of Anatolia.

Secretly supported by the Russians, the French and the Italians, the Turkish army has whipped the Greeks. The allies, not being crazy for war—and far from being united in their attitude toward questions at issue—have agreed to concede Turkish claims to Eastern Thrace up to the Maritza river, including Adrianople, and the restoration of Constantinople to Turkish control. Except for the control of the straits the Turks would be restored to dominion over virtually all the predominantly Turkish territory that they had in 1914.

Conference May Settle Everything.

There is to be a peace conference this week, provided war doesn't spoil it. Much of last week was spent in diplomatic conferences, at the end of which it was announced that Kemal would confer with the allied generals. The Turkish general's attitude was said to be reasonable, but the question of discussing peace seemed to rest with the Turkish evacuation of the neutral zone. Saturday it was believed in London that Great Britain was on "the verge of war." It was authoritatively announced that General Harington at Constantinople had dispatched an ultimatum to Kemal, ordering him to evacuate the neutral zone, though no time limit was set.

The only hope of peace seems to be that there is little desire for war on the part of the allies. In former days they would be more willing to go into it. France doesn't want war, because she is particularly concerned with the task of keeping her foot on Germany's neck. Italy doesn't want war, because she is more friendly to Turkey than to Greece. Great Britain stands alone, determined chiefly that the Dardanelles be kept open.

United States Out of It.

Though the United States subscribes to the principles involved in keeping the Dardanelles open this country is not likely to get into the controversy.

We are well out of the politics fomenting in the Near East. So far the government's concern is to protect American interests and to give aid to war sufferers. Nobody as yet wants to consider seriously the possibility of joining hostilities should they be precipitated.

Uncle Sam has no enemies among the nations involved in the present controversies. They are all our friends, if we except Russia. We were not actually at war with Turkey during the late upheaval, and by keeping out of the League of Nations we had no part in making the treaty which caused the present trouble.

There can be no great sympathy for Greece's losses in the war. Her aggressiveness smacked of the old European spirit, to grab what she could reach. As the result of failure she is torn internally. Constantine has been kicked out, and the people are divided as to what they want. Some want another monarch and others desire a republic. And at a later day a republic may be the outcome.

At some future day Turkey may also become a republic.

There are forward looking Turks who have some such idea in mind. They talk of a government patterned after that of the United States.

Historic German Bell Is Repaired

The huge bell in the cathedral tower on the former imperial palace grounds in Berlin, which cracked while tolling out the death of the former empress, will ring again after a year of silence. Like America's Liberty Bell, it went mute because of a rent sustained while commemorating an historical event.

The great mass of metal has just undergone a welding which marked the first attempt of its kind in German science. The crack measured 820 millimeters in length and required 45 kilograms of metal to fill it.

It was estimated that to remove the bell and transport it to Alpona or Lubeck, where Germany's only recasting works are located, would cost more than 500,000 marks. Further, sentiment precluded installing a new bell for one which had done service since 1471, when it originally graced the Wilsnack monastery. Consequently, a firm undertook to repair it within its own tower.

German Gold Goes to Seamen's Widows

J. Havelock Wilson, member of parliament, general president of the National Sailors' and Firemen's union, has received official notification from the treasury that 5,000,000 pounds of German reparation money has been finally earmarked for distribution among the dependents of 17,000 British seamen who were done to death by the German sink-at-sight submarine campaign.

During the war merchant seamen on unarmed ships did not rank for pensions or compensation under any naval conditions. Their work in manning food ships was accompanied with great loss of life, and the prime minister, through Wilson, gave an undertaking that in the event of victory the first payment from German reparation money shall be for compensation to the dependents of this class of seamen.

Anti-Trust Law Called Obsolete

Resolutions declaring the Sherman anti-trust law "obsolete," and a hindrance to American business were adopted by the National Association of Creditmen in annual convention last week. The resolutions urged that the Sherman law be "superceded by a modern statute at the first opportunity."

3 U. S. Insurance Firms Quit Europe

Three of the largest American life insurance companies—the New York Life, the Mutual and the Equitable—have withdrawn from continental Europe, the New York Herald says, convinced that, except for the British Isles, Europe is a hopeless field of business endeavor and probably will be for years to come.

STEER RUNS AMUCK, PUBLIC RUNS, TOO

Pedestrians along Main street in Watertown, Mass., scattered to places of safety when a steer that had broken loose from the Brighton stockyards galloped down the main highway.

Police were called, and an officer went after the animal with a riot gun. Three bullets ended the steer's wild career.

PARLEY EASES SITUATION AT DARDANELLES

Turks Call Halt to Military Activities Near Straits to Confer With British on Peace.

With an armistice conference under way on Tuesday at Mudania, the peril of war between Great Britain and Turkey appeared less menacing at the beginning of the week although British officials at Constantinople declared the Kemalist proposals were discussable but not acceptable.

M. Franklin-Bouillon, the French envoy, through whose efforts with Mustapha Kemal Pasha the conference was made possible, expressed his confident belief that an agreement would be reached at Mudania.

"Kemal will make an even greater effort for peace than he has made for war," he said.

Two of the most important questions to be discussed at the conference will be demarcation of a new neutral zone on the Asiatic shores of the Dardanelles and at Ismid, and the evacuation of Thrace.

Secure Truce Pledge.

It is learned that M. Franklin-Bouillon has secured Kemal's pledge to suspend military movements during the armistice conference, provided the allies accept the following conditions:

1—Formal guarantees concerning the evacuation of Thrace.

2—The establishment of allied garrisons in the larger towns of Thrace.

3—The occupation of Thrace by Turkish Nationalist gendarmerie.

4—Transfer of the civil administration of Thrace to Kemalist functionaries.

5—Evacuation of Thrace within eight days by the Greek army.

6—Occupation of the western line of the Maritiza river by allied troops.

One of the British proposals, it is reported, will be the establishment of a new neutral zone on the Asiatic side of the Dardanelles.

The orders for cessation of military movements in the Chanak region of Asiatic Turkey were issued by Kemal Pasha Sunday. The order also provided suspension of activities of Turkish irregular forces in Thrace. The Nationalists were represented at the armistice conference by Ismet Pasha.

The situation Saturday afternoon was so strained that a break seemed inevitable. The British had orders to defend Chanak at all costs as the Turks were slowly enveloping the Dardanelles citadel.

Saturday morning the Turkish forces were increased by 1,500 cavalrymen and everything indicated the beginning of a hostile move.

General Sir Charles Harington, British commander-in-chief at Constantinople, represented the British at the armistice conference. France and Italy were represented as well as the Turkish Nationalists.

Kemal's Note.

The text of Mustapha Kemal's reply to the allied joint note of Sept. 23 was made public in Paris by the foreign office.

The note which is signed by Yussuf Kemal, minister of foreign affairs, begins by saying that a formal reply to the entente's note will be sent in a few days by his government.

The note continues, "an order has been given to stop immediately our military movements which have been unceasingly developing in the direction of Constantinople and Chanak Kaleith in pursuit of the Greek armies.

"The assurances given by M. Franklin-Bouillon have established the sentiment of justice with which the propositions of the entente are truly inspired, with a view of assuring the rights of Turkey.

"Nevertheless, the maintenance of Thrace, if only for a day more, under the administration and occupation of the Greek army is a cause of danger of every kind and grief to Turkey's peoples, it is indispensable that Thrace to the west of the Maritza river, with Adrianople, be evacuated immediately and restored urgently to the government of the great national assembly of Turkey."

President Picks Yankees to Win World's Series

The New York Yankees will win the world's series. Take the word of President Harding for it and be guided accordingly.

The President picked the Yanks to triumph over the Giants in the annual Fall baseball classic.

Dave Bancroft, captain and shortstop of the Giants, called at the White House to invite the President to the championship games. They talked baseball for a few minutes when the President is said to have made the flat assertion that Bancroft's club was doomed to defeat because of the pack of competent pitchers that the Yanks have.

"Well, the President is prejudiced in favor of the Yankees because Washington is in the American league," said Bancroft laconically.

Says Clothes Costs Should Be Cheaper

Profiteering at the expense of clothing consumers is being "camouflaged" by clothing dealers through statements that the new tariff bill will increase price of suits and overcoats, Senator Smoot of Utah, Republican leader and member of the senate finance committee, declared in a statement on the effect of the new wool rates.

"The price of woolen clothing should be cheaper in the Spring of 1923 and thereafter," said Senator Smoot.

ATTACH FUNDS OF STINNES IN GOTHAM BANKS

Discover Money Wizard, by Buying Marks on $100,000,000 U. S. Loan, Would Reap Billions.

Attachment of funds carried in four New York banks to the credit of Hugo Stinnes, German industrial magnate, in connection with a $2,055,185 breach of contract suit filed by James A. Tillman, promoter, has revealed that Stinnes, through various financial schemes, had made attempts to float loans for hundreds of millions of dollars in this country.

The attachment order, signed by Supreme Court Justice Wasservogel, was placed in effect by deputies of New York county. The funds, the exact amount of which was not disclosed, are held by the National City bank, the Guaranty Trust Co., the Equitable Trust Co. and Hollesen & Co.

Schemes for Loan.

Tillman, described as a financial promoter, claimed that on May 3, 1919, he entered into an agreement with Stinnes which necessitated the transfer to a Swedish corporation controlled by Stinnes, of certain agencies for developing trade with the United States. These agencies were owned by Tillman, he stated, and he was to become, under the agreement, managing director of the principal office at Stockholm.

One of the schemes, Tillman averred, was that he was to obtain a $100,000,000 loan upon Stinnes' promissory note unsecured by any collateral. After this loan, the statement went, Stinnes planned to use the money for the purchase in the United States of billions of marks at the current exchange rate, $.0125. With the marks Stinnes intended to purchase mortgages held by the "Kansa," a German corporation, which functions something after the fashion of American title and bond and mortgage companies.

Stinnes Under Cover.

After the mortgages were secured at their face or pre-war value in marks, Stinnes was to send them to the United States as collateral for a $2,000,000,000 loan based on pre-war values. Tillman averred Stinnes figured he would not be observed by American bankers in this manipulation.

Tillman declared he told Stinnes he could have no hand in such schemes as he knew American bankers would not entertain them, but Stinnes refused to listen to him.

Tillman claimed the $2,055,185 for which he sued was due him for commissions in the few enterprises he undertook for Stinnes.

WANTS HOSPITAL NAMES CHANGED

Captain Asserts General Term Would Save Vets Embarrassment.

Captain C. Hamilton Cook, national commander of the Disabled American War Veterans, is urging Colonel Forbes, head of the Veterans' Bureau, to change the names of all government hospitals to the general term of "Rehabilitation Centers."

The chief reason for this request, said John H. Dykes, chairman of the national rehabilitation committee, is the desire to remove the stigma that attaches to an ex-service man who is or has been an inmate of a hospital which, by its name, is plainly an institution for the treatment of nervous or mental diseases or tuberculosis. Dykes said:

"When a man is cured all we want to know is the fact. That is all the world needs to know. He should not be subjected to annoyance, embarrassment and possible discrimination because, as a result of the service he has performed for this country, he had to undergo treatment for mental disease or tuberculosis.

"Furthermore, these institutions are in fact rehabilitation centers. They are designed to make men well and fit them again for the work which they left when they entered the service or for a new occupation. Occupational therapy has a considerable part in many of the treatments prescribed."

HE RESIDES WHERE GOOD BOOZE GROWS

George Schultz, county jailer of Akron, O., was booking a bunch of prisoners. A lank individual, when asked where he hailed from, replied: "Where they make good whisky."

Schultz wrote down Kentucky as his home and the prisoner admiringly remarked:

"You do know everything, don't you?"

Do Your Eyes Betray You?

Do your Eyes show your Age—or Make you seem Older than you are? Are they Dull, Tired, Lifeless? There's No Need to have Unattractive Eyes, for Murine Quickly Restores the Bewitching Sparkle and Radiance of Youth.

Murine contains no Belladonna or other Harmful Ingredients. It Refreshes Weak, Weary Eyes—Makes them Clear, Bright and Beautiful. Use it Night and Morning. Sold by all Druggists.

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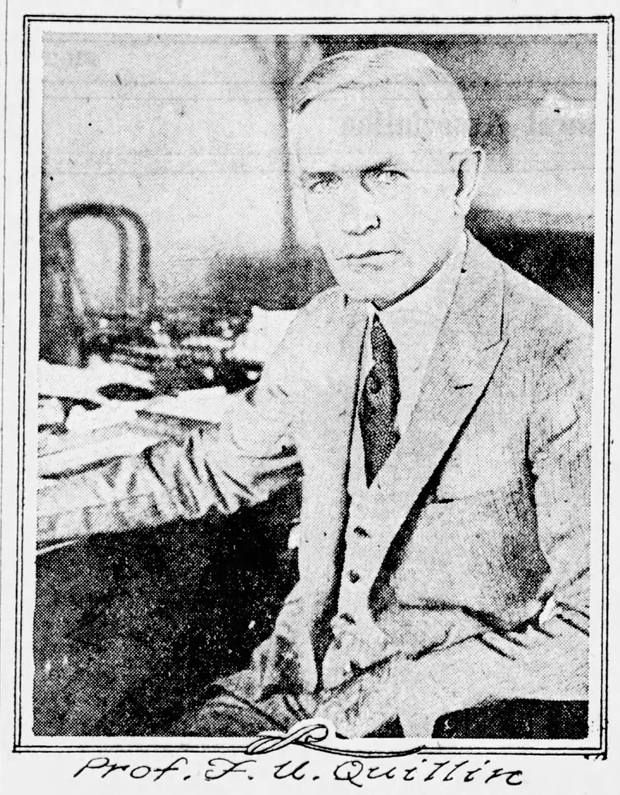


Prof. F. U. Quillin

—Copyright, Wide World Photos.

Dr. Frank U. Quillin of Toledo has been sworn in as chief of the employment service of the United States Veterans' Bureau, which division has charge of obtaining employment for disabled veterans who have finished vocational training.

Father Finds Lost Baby Daughter Playing Happily With Huge Cougar

Maximilian Purvis, an instructor in psychology in an Eastern college, had an encounter with a female cougar on the south fork of the Salmon river near Sheepeater mountain, that gave him enough thrills to last a livetime.

One afternoon Purvis and his wife went to fish in a small stream near their camp, leaving their 19-months-old daughter, Margaret, asleep in the tent.

On their return after an absence of about two hours little Margaret was nowhere to be found. Large cougar tracks in the sand about the tent suggested fearful possibilities. The father in desperation seized a butcher knife, the only available weapon, and followed the trail of the animal up an adjacent coulee, which a short distance from camp terminated in a cul-de-sac, beyond which the trail could not be found.

Big Cat Plays With Child.

After searching about an hour Professor Purvis heard a child's laughter coming from the chaparral. Investigating, his joy was suddenly transformed to horror upon perceiving Margaret sitting between the paws of a huge female cougar, slapping the animal about the cheeks and screaming with laughter when the great cat playfully nudged her with nose or pretended to bite. The cougar, evidently a mother whose kittens had been stolen, seemed perfectly happy, making a purring sound as she played with the child.

Transfixed with horror Professor Purvis remained in his hidding place, fearing to move lest the cougar kill the child. As the day was waning Margaret fell asleep and the self-constituted guardian rose to go on the hunt. Having sniffed lovingly about the tiny, sleeping figure the cougar left the thicket and made her way up the mountain.

Burn Fires All Night.

The father lost no time in rescuing his child and returning to camp, about which a circle of fires was maintained throughout the night.

A rancher living about six miles from the camp three weeks before said two cougar kitties were captured and sold to a party en route to Montana. Shortly before this a large male cougar was killed on the opposite side of Sheepeater mountains.

The Purvis child has, since babyhood, been accustomed to play with a great Danish hound and to this fact is attributed her lack of fear of the cougar. Professor Purvis characterizes the cougar's actions as "a remarkable manifestation of the maternal instict."

TOUGHEST MAN CROWNED KING OF WATERFRONT

Holds Up Thugs and Robs Them of Their Few Nickels.

Fred Nolan—"age 32, no home"—was officially crowned king of Pittsburgh's tough water front district, but his inaugural period of 30 days will be spent in the county jail.

A policeman testified he arrested Nolan.

"Judge, this bird is a cuckoo," said the cop. "He had 15 tough guys backed against a building and was making them give up their nickels when I came along."

Nolan admitted the charge.

"I needed some cash, so I rounded up this bunch, told 'em I was a Dick and was taking up the collection when this fellow spoils the party," explained the prisoner.

"Nolan I'll let you off with a fine of $25 or a sentence of 30 days," responded Magistrate Sullivan. "You certainly took a chance with that gang. I have known policemen to be almost killed for looking at one or two of them."

AVERS COCKTAIL LURES ADDICTS

Baronet Flays Drinkers of Concentrated Liquors; Origin of Name.

"The cocktail is poisonous; worse than that, it is an insidious drink which lures its addicts to worse misery than any real drugs have ever done!" That is the latest pronouncement of Sir Claude Champion de Crespigny, the last of the old Corinthians in London and whose ancestors came over with William the Conqueror.

Sir Claude represents the last of the old feudal knights. Every Monday night, in season or out of season, he fills—and very well fills at that—the same seat at the National Sporting club, when that institution puts on its usual boxing program.

Denounces Law Courts.

"The law courts," he said, "are the refuge of the proletariat. Noblemen and gentlemen must settle their disputes on the field of honor, with rapiers in their hand, and not have the family secrets argued over by middle-class lawyers and decided by low-class jurymen."

So serious was he that the king had to intervene, but the affair had to be settled outside the law courts.

It was in the National Sporting club that the International News Service correspondent ordered a double Martini for his friend from Texas, and by good fortune our seats were next to the one occupied by the bold baronet.

He spluttered over his half pint of fruity port when he heard the order and gave vent to his indignation. "That's the curse of the age!" he boomed. "Concentrated drinking. You merely drink cocktails because you achieve the feeling of drunkenness without any of the pleasure of appeasing your thirst. Go on drinking these cocktails, with their wild hilarious results, and you will have this country as dry as America.

Drink For "Effect."

"Look at all you young men. You merely take a drink for the after-sensations—not to quench an honest thirst. That is why you scorn wholesome home-brewed ale or health-giving port and take to those poisonous concoctions invented by some devil in a hurry. Bah!"

And, like all gentlemen of his class, Sir Claude wrote to the Times about it. That raised the interesting question of the origin of the cocktail, and very soon the discussion in the newspapers became academic and historical.

One historian (a gourmet, as well) traced the origin of the cocktail to the old cock-fighting days at Hampton Court, when the owner of the victorious gamecock stood drinks to the number of feathers his bird has plucked from the tail of its opponent.

One day the owner of the victorious gamecock was so poor that he could only afford two lashions of Old Tom Gin, so to eke it out they had to pour it out by the thimbleful and inadvertently the bartender dropped a portion of Angostura bitters ino the potion. The drink produced so keen an appetite for food that aperitifs promptly became the vogue, and the cocktail was the Americanized outcome of the aperitif.

FILING OF NOTICE IS DIVORCE DECREE

Divorce made simple—the simplest possible—is to be found in Burma, if one can believe the following announcement recently published in the Rangoon Times.

"Annulment of marriage—Notice is hereby given that I, the undersigned, have broken my matrimonial bonds with my wife, Sunn Kun, beginning today, for she is impertinent, rebellious to her duty and disobedient toward me and my parents, in spite of numerous punishments.

"Signed, I. M. G. KUN."

Commands G. A. R.

JUDGE J. W. WILLETT.

NAVAL VETERAN IS G. A. R. CHIEF

Iowa Jurist to Command Civil War Men; Harding's Father Is Honored.

Judge J. W. Willett of Tama, Ia., was elected commander-in-chief of the Grand Army of the Republic at the business session of the annual encampment held in Des Moines. He was unopposed.

Judge Willett was elected by acclamation under suspension of rules.

Commander-in-Chief Willett is the first naval veteran to be elected as head of the G. A. R. Among the other national officers elected was Dr. George T. Harding of Marion, O., father of the President, as surgeon general. Other officers included Rev. J. H. Eppler of Gary, Ind., chaplain-in-chief.

The new chaplain is a victim of blindness as a result of injuries suffered in the Civil war.

Following the election of national officers, the selection of Milwaukee as the fifty-seventh annual encampment city, the annual address of the retiring commander-in-chief, Lewis S. Pilcher of Brooklyn, N. Y., and the hearing of reports and memorials, the first business session of this year's encampment adjourned.

President Harding's name was cheered by the veterans when his message expressing regret that public duty prevented his attending their reunion was read by General Pilcher.

KING BEFRIENDS AUSTRIAN CHILD

Vacation Charge of Danes Permitted to Stay in Northland.

Large numbers of Austrian children, particularly from Vienna, have been spending their Summers in Denmark as guests of every class of the Danish community. But it has been distinctly understood between the Danish organizations arranging these charity visits and the Danish authorities that no child should be allowed to stay in Denmark more than six months unless special permission for a prolonged stay were given.

Little Mitzi Wolf-Schickinger is 9, and the daughter of an Austrian colonel who was killed on the Italian frontier during the war. Her mother was left to shift for Mitzi and herself on a pension that hardly covered the cost of rent, and she was happy when she got an opportunity of sending Mitzi on a long holiday to kind and hospitable people in Denmark. Mitzi and her foster parents became very fond of each other. The latter were so well connected that they managed to obtain permission for Mitzi to stay for a whole year. But when the local authorities could do no more, the foster parents were told that Mitzi had to return to Vienna.

The next day Mitzi and her foster mother left the provincial town in which they were living and traveled all day and night to Copenhagen. His majesty the king was going to give public audiences, and Mitzi and her friends had made a plan.

The king received Mitzi. She told him of her troubles, and that she wanted to stay forever in Denmark. Her foster parents were willing to adopt her, and her mother in Vienna had consented to renounce all claims of motherhood. Could she possibly stay? King Christian smiled and kissed her and promised to look into the matter. A few days later she received a personal letter from the king telling her that he had used his royal prerogative in her behalf and that whenever she wanted to she could become a little Danish girl.

WILSON'S DAUGHTER ACCUSER IN COURT

Miss Margaret Woodrow Wilson, daughter of former President Wilson, appeared in Essex street court, New York, recently as the complainant against William Cook, colored window cleaner, whom she charged with having stolen a $100 gold watch, curtains and curtain rods worth $46 from her apartment in Greenwich village. Cook was bound over in $1,000 bail for action by the grand jury.

Legless Beggar Is Wealthy Man

When Earl Stewart, a legless man, forfeited a $3 deposit by failing to appear in court to answer a charge of street begging, Trenton, N. J., police discovered he owned a motor car and had his own chauffeur.

When he was arrested he gave his address as Newark and startled police by asking them to notify his wife, a guest at one of the leading hotels there.

NEWS FROM CAPITAL

What Congress Is Doing

Penalty provisions of the new tariff law requiring articles imported to be branded with the names of their country of origin are to be the subject of new customs regulations to be issued shortly, it was said at the treasury.

The new regulations, it was explained, will cover the assessment of a penalty of 10 per cent above the regular duty upon articles which fail to have branded, stamped or labeled upon them the country from which they are shipped. In the case of cutlery, it was said, the regulations will require the name of the maker as well as the country of origin to be stamped on the knife, razor or other article brought in.

President and cabinet decide to call prohibition navy off from interference with foreign ships outside the three-mile limit, whether rum laden or not.

Senator George Wharton Pepper (Pa.), urges settlement of prolonged strikes affecting public welfare at general elections by direct vote of people.

United States and allies preparing to dissolve international commission controlling Chinese-Eastern railroad on condition of Japan's withdrawal from Siberia.

Progressives in senate led by La Follette planning to revive effort to compel publicity of income tax returns.

National Coal association cooperating with new federal fuel distributor to assure adequate transportation of coal.

President getting ready to ask for legislation reorganizing railway labor board.

State department apprehensive over Cuban failure to adopt financial reform.

Navy rushes 12 additional destroyers at request of Admiral Bristol to protect American interests at Constantinople.

Senator Smoot assails as profiteers clothing dealers who use new tariff law as cloak to boost prices, says increase is not justified by rates.

CAPPER MAKES PLEA TO SAVE MONEY LOST BY SUCKERS OF U. S.

BY UNITED STATES SENATOR ARTHUR CAPPER.

Editor Note: Senator Arthur Capper, that fire eating but level headed Kansas editor and leader, talks out in meeting in the following. There are few persons in the United States who have saved money but have known the insidious approach of the fake stock salesman and a majority of them have fallen victim to his wiles some time or other. Senator Capper, from long and exhaustive study of the situation, is in a position to explain what happens and what is to be done about it.

The late P. T. Barnum of circus fame is reported to have said, "One is born every minute." "One" means sucker. The saying long has been a chronic witticism. It is the general excuse for and the explanation of the 1½ to two billion dollars loot that is stolen every year from one of our thriftiest, most industrious, most desirable classes, the small investors.

In a time of world stress, when every dollar is needed to keep legitimate industries going, when all resources are essential in restoring a war-torn world and in feeding starving millions, in such a time this great American public—the fairest, most enlightened public in the world—permits this continual robbery and excuses it with a silly joke. But the joke is no longer on the sucker—it is on the great American public.

The starving millions in Russia and Armenia could be taken care of with the money Americans give to swindlers, not in gambling, but for fraudulent securities that will not possibly return a penny. The soldiers' bonus could be taken care of without a cent of public expenditure if the money swindlers steal from small investors were put to that use. If the money that Americans put into fraudulent stocks and bonds, wildcat and blue sky ventures were turned over to the United States treasury virtually all our war taxes could be abolished and the war debt could be paid off without burdening the people.

Fortunes Are Lost.

That figure, a half billion dollars, is given by the federal trade commission as the size of the annual loot "financiers" of the Ponzi type steal from small investors, every cent of it taken by fraud, chiefly through the sale of fraudulent or worthless securities.

Thrift and industry are essential to peace and happiness. Idleness and gambling promote crime and poverty. Robbing the industrious and the thrifty drags that class down and adds it to the shifty element made up of gamblers and criminals. Not only does this annual stealing of a half billion dollars breed crime, it takes from the nation's power to produce more prosperity and more happiness. Wherefore, "One is born every minute" has not a grain of humor in it. It is a senseless attempt to laugh at tragedy, at systematized robbery that is more disastrous than was the piracy of the 16th century.

In one day in February more than 200 complaints were made to the additional grand jury in New York which was making a special investigation of the enormous business of swindling that has grown up in New York and other cities. A majority of those complaints, it was said, were from poor losers, whining, amateur gamblers who had taken chances on the other fellow's game and had lost. But scores of the complaints that day and on previous and subsequent days were from honest men and women whose only fault had been they were so honest they had no suspicion of the swindlers who robbed them.

Cheats Are Many.

In four months in New York more than 50 brokerage firms failed. Some of them probably were legitimate business houses. But the whole financial system of the country's greatest money market had become so honeycombed with swindlers that when the New York district attorney began an investigation and dozens of fake brokerage houses and bucket shops were driven out or indicted the effects extended to legitimate firms. There is no end to the harm swindlers do; they rob the poor and unprotected, divert capital from honest uses and then, when belated and timid punishment arrives, the innocent bystander usually gets a large share of punishment, if not all of it.

Ponzi, of Boston swindling notoriety, hardly had become acclimated to prison atmosphere, having swindled 10,000 persons by promises of 50 per cent dividends in 60 days, than another, Raymond J. Bischoff, 25, began operations in Chicago. Before the lead-footed law interfered Bischoff had taken 4½ million dollars, chiefly from wage-earners. So great was Bischoff's harvest that his employes left him to organize financial raids of their own.

Bischoff, when an awakening "investigator" became insistent, made part payments of dividends on principal. But Leslie Harrington, a competitor, had a "superior" method. When his notes or dividends became due he induced his victims to take more notes instead of cash. Harrington and 27 others, who were competitors of Bischoff, took several million dollars before they were arrested or forced to flee.

High Grade Swindler.

While these Chicago Ponzis were taking in millions of dollars from wage-earners and small savers Alfred E. Lindsay was attending funerals where he made the acquaintance of widows and unprotected women whom he induced to advance money on get-rich schemes on the New York stock exchange, of which he was not a member. Lindsay got about $800,000 from fewer than 20 women and a half-dozen men before he was arrested. One woman had determined to have him arrested after he had taken her money, jewelry and stocks, but instead he persuaded her to sell her valuable Chihuahua dogs to obtain more money for him. Another of his victims was Mrs. Lillian N. Duke, divorced wife of a millionaire tobacco manufacturer. She charged Lindsay got $375,000 from her.

It is not these rich women and some rich men whom the swindlers victimize that concerns me. It is the great army of honest, hard-working men and women who take the little family nest egg, the money saved for a rainy day or for a home, and who, because they are honest and unsuspicious, put it in the hands of swindlers. They aren't to blame. We're to blame, the rest of us, farmers, bankers, ministers, merchants, editors, congressmen, who sit idly by and see these gigantic frauds perpetrated year after year.

Education Needed.

What is the remedy—more law? No, not to a great extent. Right now the federal courts are cluttered with 480 stock-swindling cases, involving $140,011,000, and 874 persons arrested or indicted. And that is only a small fraction of the stock-swindling cases; most of them never get into court. Probably there should be a strengthening of the law here and there. But the greatest remedy must come from a universal educational campaign. More effective national laws against swindling are needed but more effective still will be an active public opinion, which can and will abolish stock swindling and wildcat financing just as effectively as it abolished piracy and privateering.

I have spoken chiefly of fraudulent stock schemes. In addition this class of investors annually loses one to two billion dollars in wildcat investments, as oil stocks, straight-out gambles, that may be legally honest, but which rarely have the shadow of a chance of paying out. The one-half billion dollars of straight loot and the billion to billions in wildcat investments eventually can be headed off by but one thing—education. If pulpit, press, government and legitimate business will undertake the job swindling, as one of our profitable industries, can be abolished. But law alone won't do it

GUNS ONLY MEANS TO WAR ON OPIUM

Unless an international agreement can be effected Collector H. E. Murray of Honolulu, doubts whether merchant vessels plying the Pacific between the Orient, Honolulu and coast ports will be permitted to mount artillery, as has been suggested by those interested here in suppressing the opium traffic.

Guns are the only effective weapons against the dope runners," Murray says. "Airplanes have been suggested, but the smuggling sampans would put out still farther to sea if they were forced to; they can stay out 10 days or so if they have to.

A tin of opium f. o. b. the ship costs about $52. Selling here at $100 or more, the profit is $5,000 the hundred."

Texas Has Had 6 Flags

Six flags have waved over Texas territory in token of sovereignty, says the publication of the Dallas chamber of commerce. The flags were those of France (old regime), Spain, the Mexican republic, the republic of Texas, the Southern confederacy and the American union.

IT'S TOASTED one extra process which gives a delicious flavor

LUCKY STRIKE CIGARETTE

HUGE VACUUM TUBE TO PROMOTE RAD

The world's biggest vacuum tube, standing three feet [illegible] height and three and one-half inches in diameter at the bottom, has been completed in the laboratories of the Western Electric Co.

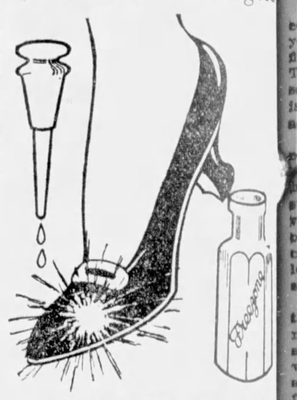
The tube is capable of supplying 100,000 watts, 200 times the power required for the usual radio broadcasting stations of 100-mile range.

The difficulty in experiments was to make the whole tube airtight and to get the wires for the filament and grid into the tube while keeping them insulated against about 20,000 volts.

Credit for the answer is due [illegible] W. G. Houskeeper, a company engineer, who discovered a way to seal copper to glass which would make an airtight joint that would not crack at any ordinary working temperature.

CORNS

Lift Off with Fingers



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SHORT ENDS OF WORLD NEWS

GERMANY'S debt of $256,000,000 for maintaining the American army of occupation on the Rhine is to be paid by means of dyes under a plan worked out by Secretary of State Hughes and approved by the reparations commission.

Secretary of Navy Denby has announced that there will be no scrapping of battleships until after the five-power treaty has been ratified by the last of the subscribing powers. France and Italy have yet to ratify the pact. Five obsolete ships have been sent to the scrap heap, but they would have been junked without a treaty.

Senator Joseph Freylinghuysen, friend of President Harding and one of the administration leaders in congress, has been renominated by the Republicans of New Jersey in a sweeping victory of more than two to one over George L. Record, a Jersey City lawyer.

Simple funeral services in observance of the wishes of the dead Georgian, were held in Thomson, Ga., last week over the body of U. S. Senator Thomas E. Watson, who died recently. There were no church service and no singing.

Assailing the tariff law and declaring for a "reasonable' modification of the prohibition law, Senator James A. Reed of Missouri opened his campaign for re-election on the Democratic ticket.

County district attorney blames the officials of the Argonaut Mine Co. for the fire in the gold mine which cost the lives of 47 workers. He declares the company had no adequate fire fighting apparatus in the mine and the main shaft was maintained in a very dry and inflammable condition.

Harry Poulin, haberdasher, was adjudged not to be the father of Mrs. Augusta Tiernan's baby born last November, in the decision handed down by Judge Chester Ducomb of South Bend, Ind.

At Pocantico Hills, N. Y., last week John D. Rockefeller celebrated the 67th anniversary of his first regular job, which was bookkeeping for a wholesale produce commission man in Cleveland.

Part of the garrison at Juarez, Mexico, revolted last week, but after several clashes in which there were a few casualties the rebels ran short of ammunition and retired.

JAMES A. STILLMAN, former president of the National City bank of New York, was denied a decree in his suit for absolute divorce against his wife, Anne U. Stillman, and Baby Guy Stillman was declared legitimate, in the findings of Daniel J. Gleason, referee in the case, which have been filed.

The Chinese cabinet has authorized a $10,000,000 bond issue by the government. The issue goes to the Chinese bankers of Peking for absorption in the face of the strenuous opposition of Cantonese parliamentarians, who declare the authorization unconstitutional.

Sale at public auction Oct. 13 and 14, of the operatic costumes, household furniture and some of the personal jewelry of Geraldine Farrar, former soprano of the Metropolitan Opera Co., who is on a concert tour, has been announced.

Twenty thousand Civil war veterans were in Des Moines, Ia., last week for the 56th annual encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic. The parade that was held may be the last.

The giant Cunard liner Aquitania, on the way to New York last week, rode placidly through one of the most terrific hurricanes in the long maritime career of her commander.

Viscount Rothermere, younger brother of the late Viscount Northcliffe, has acquired Northcliffe's interest in the London Daily Mail and its associated papers, including the Evening News and the Weekly Dispatch. He is now the principal proprietor of these papers.

Rivalry of two high school boys for the attentions of a girl brought about a combat in the fields near Fulton, Ill., with 50 Fulton high school boys matched against the same number from the neighboring town of Morrison.

Recent forest fires in northern Minnesota have destroyed buildings in the fire area.

School and health authorities of Birmingham, Ala., have been investigating the poisoning of scores of students of the Woodlawn high school which was said to have resulted from a salad served at the school lunch room.

Nearly 150 persons were killed and several hundred injured seriously in the explosion near Falconera Fort, near Spetzia, Italy.

TWO committees, one composed of railroad presidents and the other of business men in Middle Western and Eastern cities, have been created by Federal Fuel Administrator C. E. Spens to co-operate with the government in efforts to conserve and build up the coal supply.

President W. H. P. Faunce of Brown university in his address at the opening of the academic year, said there was not room in colleges for all who seek admission, not so much because too many men are going to college as that often the wrong kind of men are going.

Dr. William Austin Smith, editor since 1916 of The Churchman, national weekly of the Protestant Episcopal church, died last week of a complication of diseases.

The Lehigh Valley railroad has announced a drastic embargo against all freight except food for human beings and animals, live stock, perishable and necessary products. Oil, fuel, newsprint, drugs, seeds and fertilizer are not affected.

Federal trade commission has issued a formal complaint against the American Tobacco Co., P. Lorillard Co. and the association of wholesale tobacconists of Milwaukee, charging "unfair methods of competition in the maintenance of resell prices."

More than $1,000,000 of Chicago school board money has been spent wastefully and extravagantly, preliminary report of the auditors employed by the state's attorney to investigate the board's books, says.

John McCormack, tenor, who has been abroad since last Spring when he suffered serious throat trouble, has recovered. He expects to return soon and make a concert tour.

Former Governor E. Smith of New York City has been nominated for governor of the state by the Democratic state convention. The name of William Randolph Hearst was withdrawn.

Suit of Jim Young, moving picture director, against his former wife, Clara Whipple Young, was thrown out of court in Los Angeles for lack of evidence and because of the judge's belief that a woman should be presumed to be chaste unless some proof is shown to the contrary.

RURAL WELFARE

EDITED BY A. P. SANDLES

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THE SCHOOL MOVIE— t Has Come to Stay

The movies are part of a modern ducation. You can get part of our education by looking at it. The m story gets everybody interested. he screen has won its way into the hool room and into the church. It a teacher. It can be good or bad, you like it. Take your choice.

Many high schools now have a mplete movie picture outfit. A ecial line of films are made to p teach common sense school bjects. In such schools there is ry little tardiness in the morning at noon. The days absent arged against pupils are always s in schools with the movie ow.

What a mighty contrast between e logh ouse school in the wilder- ss and the modern high school d centralized school building, th its auditorium, lights, heat d modern conveniences. Our thers and mothers builded better an they knew.

Why not plan a system of schools d taxes, so that all parts of every te can have the modern school d give to every child its chance to a place in the world. The com- n sense school, teaching obedi- ce, good manners and love for uth and work, is the mighty need the nation today.

ROADS AND SCHOOLS— Where Is Common Sense?

Ohio has schools that did not en in September. They were in e poor house. They had no money. They were in debt for school they d one, two and three years ago. eir property valuation was and is mall. The tax rate allowed by law oes not yield enough money to eep school going.

The Ohio law requires all teach- rs to be paid a minimum salary. ills bankrupt condition of schools exist in all parts of Ohio. Where ese schools did not open is gener- lly in the hill section of the Buck- ye state.

Some of these places are in the mining sections where children are plenty and the poor are always present, as they are everywhere. Ohio has made it a rule for more than 100 years to see to it that every child gets an education.

The Ohio law provides that the child must be in school. The poor man's child has the same right in school and to school as the richest man's child. This is safety first for the state itself. The child from the humble home may be the man or woman to save the state or na- tion in time of need and crisis.

One of the candidates for gover- nor of Ohio this year came from one of these very humble homes and used to dig in the coal mines, in the depths and dangers of the earth. He has more influence, not only in Ohio, but in the nation as well, as any rich man's child ever did.

In this sad plight of closed schools in some counties Ohio still permits the road hog to make enough profit on one mile of high cost roads to run a dozen schools a whole year or the eight or nine months school year.

Which shall it be? Road hogs or open schools? How long will the state that gives presidents to the United States permit the road hogs to grab profits of $10,000 to $20,000 a mile on roads when $600 would hire a good teacher for eight months and keep a school house open?

Before Ohio votes in November every voter ought to ask every candidate for county commissioner, surveyor and legislature, whether or not they intend to feed the hogs if elected or keep the schools open to educate the children of Ohio.

Do it now.

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HERE IS A HOT ONE— Ohio Gets a Roast

Ohio often gets chesty. Sometimes she gets her tire punctured. It is well. It helps to sober Ohio up and relieve her of some overload conceit.

We have before us from a Dixie land state, a statement which hands a roast to the Buckeye state. The opening statement is as follows: "Ohio conducts more gambling race meets today than any 10 states in the Union combined. Not less than 30 of the 52 weeks in the year are devoted to a carnival of gambling.

"Millions of dollars annually change hands in the betting rings of Ohio. A leading turf journal announced in glaring headlines that $50,000 was bet on one race heat in one Ohio city. That city had 60 race heats in five days. The city of Cleveland seems to be the hogbed of the gambling ring.

"These protected gamblers pay no revenue to support the state or county. Yet this gambling game returns enormous profits. Big business enterprises that are worthy are heavily taxed by law. The picking is easy and good in Ohio.

"Enough money is annually bet in Ohio at the race tracks to pay for the operation of your state government for a whole year. One big fair in Ohio has contracted to pay in the last five years not less than $60,000 for free entertainment and the contractor firm has a president who is alleged to be one of the leading bookmaker gamblers on Ohio race tracks."

We do not know whether these statements are literally true or not. We do know that some race track gambling goes on, which is contrary to law. One thing is sure that the person who wrote the story to us knows something about conditions in Ohio, and his letter indicates that he has made a careful survey of the state. He said other things in his letter which are better not printed. Think it over. Look around.

STAGE IS GOING DRY— Cuts Out Jeers and Sneers

Stage folks are showing signs of going dry. They are agreeing among themselves to cut out the jeers and sneers they used to fling at prohibition and the dry cause. There have been so many theatrical scandals that the better class have said, "It is time to clean up."

That is what ought to have been done long ago. The stage folks can be an uplift force as well as entertainers. There is no excuse in show people catering to the immoral classes. There is no patriotism in publicly making light of law enforcement.

The fact that the stage is undergoing reform is a mighty good sign of the times. The world is growing better in spite of the growls and howls of the bootlegger and booze booster. One bad fellow often makes more noise than half a dozen good people. An automobile makes the most noise when running slow. Cheer up. Get up and walk out if a show which you attend pulls off something indecent or is a reflection on good morals or good law. A few doses of this walkout will cure the disease.

BIG GAME IN WOODS— What the Strikes May Mean

Peace is worse than war. Rail and coal strikes disturb everybody. Capital is stubborn. The labor man is more so. The public is the suffering goat.

Under government control rail workers had wages increased beyond their fondest dreams. Under stress of war the coal barons milked millions from millions of people.

In peace time strikes are almost as bad as war, and war is hell. The public is tired, very tired of being used as a door mat. Somebody may touch a match to the fuse and shout "Government Ownership of Railroads and Coal Mines." We hope this is not the cure to be applied. But if the strike fuss, high rates and dear coal does not stop someone is going to pull the trigger.

When two citizens quarrel and disagree an impartial jury often settles the dispute. Rough and Ready Teddy used to enjoy being the jury. He and his Big Stick could settle almost any quarrel or disagreement. He did not permit the public to be tormented very long with any one nuisance. Teddy medicine might be the right remedy now.

THE CIGARET GIRL— Needs Marriage License

On a train. Sleeping car. Drawing room. A pompadour dude. A flapper girl. Both smoking cigarets. Strong odor of booze oozing from that dude and flapper stable when porter answers call bell and the door was open. Actions speak louder than words. The folks on that car became suspicious and made remarks.

Apparently the fool had money, but neither he nor she had sense. We wonder what mothers work and worry so much for to raise kids who make complete dunces of themselves and bring shame to their parents.

This young man and young woman could not hide their shame, even though they were shut off from the rest of the folks in that car. It was a case of sowing wild oats. The harvest would come later.

At a station stop, at request of the conductor, they got off the train. The conductor, when asked why he had invited them to unload, replied that they needed a marriage license more than they needed cigarets and booze.

DO YOU KNOW THIS— Who Can Talk to Young Folks?

Do you know that nearly every boy and girl have somebody, other than their parents, to whom they talk in a confidental way? Do you know who that person is who has the full confidence of your child? Is it not your business to know?

Some times this outside person is grandfather or grandmother, or an aunt or uncle. In such case the child is safe. On the other hand if somebody takes a deep interest in your boy and girl and gains an influence in the wrong direction, it is high time that you were taking more interest in your own child.

Your child is a chunk off the old block. He or she has day dreams and thinks beyond the walls of home. Each child has a hope of the future and wants to listen to someone tell a tale of what may happen in the future and the possibilities of life.

It might be well for farm folk parents to investigate this matter. Some discoveries might be made worth knowing. Do not forget nor neglect the child too long. As the twig is bent the tree is inclined. Whom does your child trust and to whom does it talk freely? That person can have a tremendous influence on your offspring. Get acquainted. Do it now.

THE STRAW THATCH ROOF— Popular in the Old World

Rye straw for a roof. Have you ever tried it? You have your doubts as to its turning the water. Would you guess that such a roof would last a long time longer than many of the roofs we use?

We have just talked with folks who have been sightseeing in the Old World. We have seen pictures of buildings which have stood for many, many years. These buildings had thatched roofs that were waterproof.

Some of the great old castles in the British Isles are thatch covered. New layers are put on from time to time. Building castles out of straw is part of the game across the sea. It's an art. You must know how.

TAX VALUE OF LAND— Compared With City Values

Farm sale values are declining in many sections. As the city grows, city values increase. The city business block is taxed far below the price it would sell for.

The cities complain of being broke and no money to pay bills and debts. In one city a business block sold for $400,000 cash. It is on the tax record at $37,000. A farm sold for $9,000. It is on the tax record for $10,000.

In another city a business building on the main corner of the city's main street sold for $300,000. It is listed for taxes at $40,000. This same city is borrowing money to pay every teacher, every policeman and every fireman. Why not tax all at true value in money.

WONDERS OF RADIO— Husbands Getting Scared

"Say, professor, is some of these darn fools going to invent a machine that will tell a wife what her husband is thinking about when he is away from home?"

This was the question asked by a farmer when he saw a radio auto go by. This auto was equipped with a wireless service. It was handing out music, song and talk and going 30 miles an hour at the same time.

These are wonder days. The school and church can grab education and religion out of the air. The plowman can have his wire up and get high-class entertainment while he turns the world upside down.

Since it got started, this radio craze has been in a hurry. It has made tremendous strides. It has radiated and permeated into everybody and everything. Everybody's doing it.

It is only a question of time until persons can talk to each other, no matter what the distance. But some men are already scared and are wondering whether some machine will be made that will enable his wife to know exactly what he is doing and where he is.

This is as a joke, because all husbands are glad to tell their wives everything they do and think, anyhow.

EAT GOOD BREAKFAST— Helps to Make a Good Day

Now comes the theory that you must eat a good breakfast to be at your best during the day. Some of the old notions were different. Who is right?

As a rule, the most of us satisfy our appetite and think about health and brain power after. Again, we know that if we would follow all the health rules and read all the ills told about in the almanac we would never have peace of mind or be free from fear of disease and ailment.

The man who intends to do a half day's work on the farm had better fill up, at least two-thirds at breakfast. We know from experience that it is a mighty long time to dinner bell when hard work is before you, especially if you ate an early breakfast.

Thomas Jefferson sounded a warning when he said that most folks dug their graves with their teeth. That is we eat too much. We seldom give enough attention to the kind of food that our body and mind most needs. We used to teach some of these lessons in school, but that day seems to have passed in many places.

LIVE STOCK ENRICHES— Builds Soil and Nations

"Rocky New England and much of the Atlantic coast is becoming more barren of crops annually. But enough live stock is produced. The lack of it always means a bankrupt and poorhouse soil."

This statement was made to Rural Welfare by a man who had traveled and kept both eyes and head open. When you feed live stock you feed the land. The old farm is sure to get hungry. It must be fed if you want to keep it strong and healthy.

China has severe laws which compel the return of all refuse and offal from both humans and live stock to the land. China has been farming for thousands of years. Its acres are producing on an average more than our one-time good American acres.

A farmer can, and often does, commit burglary on his farm. When he hauls grain and hay to market he is hauling away loads of soil fertility that must some day be returned by buying high price fertilizer.

Feed the grain as much as possible will make you more money and feed your land at the same time feed your farm. Live stock is a blessing as well as profit. Do it now.

WHAT TO WEAR— The Stay-at-Homes

How many folks stay at home because they think they have no clothes fit to wear away from home? How many stay at home and give some other excuse when clothes are the real reason why they do not go somewhere like other folks?

The old adage, "Clothes do not make a man" is yet true, but the right kind of clothes make a fellow feel like a man. Too many farmers have been careless about their personal appearance in the past. Many a man has gone slouchy when he could well afford to dress up and be presentable.

We know just how it feels to be away from home and to be the odd dressed person in the crowd. Yes, we have remained at home many times because we had only a hickory shirt and overalls for a dress suit. We are glad we had this experience. We know just how to sympathize with the man who is in the same fix now. We would like to shake his hand.

TWICE TOLD TAX TALES— It's a Queer Old World

Classify or not to classify property for taxation in Ohio, is the big issue. An initiative petition has been filed with the secretary of state to have Ohio vote on classifying property so that one kind of property may pay less tax than other kinds of property. The Uniform Tax League of Ohio is fighting to save the uniform rule which is now in the state constitution and which taxes one man's dollar the same as another.

The Uniform Tax league has issued the following statement to the voters of Ohio and hopes to keep the class tax and single tax issue off the ballot. Here it is:

"Prior to 1851 the constitution of Ohio permitted classification of property for taxation. The evils and favoritism of this classification plan became so pronounced and flagrant that its abuse was the chief cause for calling a constitutional convention that year. The delegates of this convention discarded classification and proposed the uniform rule which taxes all property alike. Afterwards the voters of Ohio approved and adopted this new constitution.

"In 1912 the delegates in a constitutional convention at Columbus reaffirmed and safeguarded the constitution and the people of Ohio against the perils of classification and single tax. The wisdom of the delegates in this convention is evidenced by Article 2, Section 10, which provides that the initiative clause in the constitution shall not be used to foist classification or single tax upon the people of Ohio.

"The Uniform Tax league believes that this article and section of the constitution will justify an injunction against the secretary of state putting the proposed classification on the ballot this year.

"The Uniform leaguers expect to investigate charges made to the effect that signers were obtained to this proposed amendment by leading indifferent voters to believe that this petition would increase wages, reduce rents, bring back beer and light wines, and reduce taxes, and discover, if possible, who paid the expense of securing signers on these petitions and who is responsible for having hundreds of names signed in the same handwriting and by the same person."

CUT THE THISTLE — Do It and Whistle

Do you permit thistles on your farm? Cut 'em. How many kind of thistles do you have? Does your neighbor permit same to grow? They scatter. Start a drive in your community against thistles.

Many states have a law that compels thistles to be cut. The Canada thistle is an enemy to the farm and farmer. It is a plague and pestilence. Hit it as you would smite a rattlesnake. The longer you delay the harder your task to conquer will be.

Public welfare is come to hate thistle pest so strongly that in many states a severe penalty is imposed for tolerating the weed. Banish all thistles from farm.

A GROWING DANGER— The Auto Toll Goes Higher

One daily newspaper reports a dozen serious auto accidents in one issue. The toll of the auto is greater than the toll of war. We shudder at the horrors of war.

Daily we see the fool driving like mad on streets and country roads. Often he is drunk in addition to having the smart Alex disease.

The high speed and the seeming indifference of auto drivers for the rights of others ought to be punished with prison terms and the right to drive on public roads.

Soon or late we must adopt drastic rules to prevent the murder, maiming and multiplating of human beings by those road fiends who deliberately imperil human life.

We have just read of the killing of a fine old grandmother who was taking an evening auto ride when a drunken fool drove his auto at high speed into the other machine and caused the death of this lady. A quart whisky bottle and a scarlet jade was with this intoxicated murder. No jury should recommend mercy. One good grandmother is worth a million fools drunk or sober. Do it now.

We have heard these road hogs cuss and damn because a farmer dared go on the public road with his wagon or farm machinery, and possibly get in the way of this maniac speed devil. The shotgun might kill or cure these road vermin.

BACK TO THE BABE

The International Sunday School Lesson for Oct. 8 Is "The Birth and Childhood of Jesus"—Luke 2.

BY WILLIAM T. ELLIS.

WE have got to start all over again. The world is in such a mess that a new beginning must be made. Even the war did not remedy the ancient evils which soldiers purposed in their hearts to end forever. A new and worse war seems to loom dark on the horizon —and another world conflict, highest European officials have publicly declared, means the end of civilization. These are dark and ominous days; and therefore a time for clear and simple and sincere and fearless thinking.

Things are so dreadfully adrift with the nations and with mankind that we must find some sure mooring. So let us tie to the Babe of Bethlehem. This means that we must cut loose from a lot of driftwood and wreckage, and old, discarded stuff in international statecraft and philosophy. It is time for a fresh start. New and different impulses and agencies must be brought to bear in the present crisis. Decrepit diplomacy must go to the graveyard; and in its stead we turn to the Manger and its Message.

We have tried the war way of managing the world, and the imperialistic way and the conference way—and here today we face the worst possibility that history has ever chronicled. So we may surrender our hope in cunning expedients and political devices and insincere compromises and begin once more at the bottom. With the thought of a new generation in mind, and of a fundamentally transformed way of looking at things, we follow the shepherds even unto Bethlehem, with purged hearts and ears, in hope that we may hear the angel song "Back to the Babe!" is the most sensible slogan for the new statesmanship.

Indictment of World Leaders.

Patient peoples have tried hard to keep their confidence in the world's political leaders. Men want to respect those who occupy high office and bear great names. Holding fast desperately to our faith in the personalities called "statesmen," we have watched them for eight years past in a succession of follies, fatuities and futilities. They have posed and paraded and pretended. Now we see them as incompetent performers whose box of old tricks is known to the least sophisticated spectator in the gallery. The "diplomacy" that permitted the war, prolonged the war, perverted the peace, and prevented prosperity for all peoples has now finished its course, so far as public confidence is concerned. We are ready to chuck the whole lot and their ways. Democracy is in a mood to deal sternly with these world-wreckers.

Contrast with the noble affirmations which the Babe of Bethlehem brought, the stupidities and crimes of these successors of jealous Herod of old, who have sacrificed the sublimest sanctities to personal ambition, to party expediency and to the service of heartless commercialism. It is not too much to declare, in sober arraignment, that since the armistice:—

1. Politicians have undermined the good will of the world and created an era of suspicion and animosity.

2. Politicians of Christian lands have betrayed the Christian principles of civilization.

3. Politicians have repudiated the soldiers' purpose of peace; and have defeated the victory of the war to end war.

4. Politicians, in a new crisis, have no remedy to offer except the old discredited and discarded one of more war, more hate, more bitterness, more selfishness.

That sounds harsh; but what open-minded and informed person can say less as he surveys the whole red horizon of earth? Counsel must be both courageous and candid today, if Christian democracy is not to succumb to un-Christian Bolshevism. A new sort of leadership and a new set of ideals must be erected in order to save the world.

Is Better Way Possible?

Because the hour makes necessary this broad and general application of the present pertinent and providential Sunday school lesson, I cannot dwell upon the familiar details of the birth and boyhood of Jesus. It would be easy and pleasant to recall personal memories of Syrian shepherds upon the hills at midnight; during December travel in the Holy Land; of my own experiences in a native inn, strangely like unto that of Bethlehem and Nazareth as I knew them; and of childhood in the Syria of today.

Instead, the gravity of the hour in world affairs constrains me to cleave close to the major meaning of it all for our own time. There was a clear purpose in the advent of the Christ-Child. God does nothing meaningless. He was not staging an entertainment or a miracle play at Bethlehem. His great purposes for mankind were working out.

Surely the meaning is on the surface. The significance of the Birth and the Babe and the Boy is open for even a child's understanding. Jesus came to embody the Heavenly Father's idea of a fresh start for the race. Weary of war, the heavens declared for peace when Christ came. He appeared as a child to reveal the truth that the world must begin anew, at the cradle, with a different set of ideas and purposes. Instead of the clashing fears and hates and greeds of a weary world's ways, there should be a day and kingdom of good will and brotherhood and helpfulness; because the Son was to reconcile the other children to the Father. All the earth is summoned by this Nativity Story to fall into line with the Eternal Purpose.

The Will to Peace.

On a wayside post yesterdayI saw one of the familiar slogans, "No More War," which some mischievous person had so altered that it read, "More War." The trifling incident called to mind what the wags in the world's chancelleries have done to the slogan of the soldiers. "No More War," cry the men from the trenches—and statecraft calmly obliterates the "No," so that the call is for "More War!" —as if better men than they had never died to win peace; and as if the world's Peacemaker had never been born in Bethlehem.

Does it seem startling to say that, war-weary as was the earth to which the Saviour came with His program of peace, our larger world is still more sick of the curse of fighting? The conquests of Rome and Greece and Persia were human as compared with the consequences of the modern war. High explosives, airplanes, poison gas, tanks and submarines have been proved capable of horrors far beyond the capacity of the pagan armies of old. We need a Birthday of the Babe more desperately than the Roman world of 4 B. C.

At least the plain people, who always pay the price of war, have come to see that the only practicable program of peace is that announced by the celestial chorus above the Bethlehem hills—"Peace on earth among men of good will." Except we open our hearts to the radical principle of good will brought by the Christmas Child we shall not see peace. There is no other way. The current shibboleths of "commercial expansion," "political prestige," "spheres of influence," "manifest destiny" and "imperial necessity" must all be cast aside if we are to march to the angel music into the new era which Jesus was born to bring to pass.

In all lowliness—that He might be recognized as a fellow by the meanest of mankind—the Prince of Peace came in a manger, child of a workingman's home, a victim of pride's arrogance at His birth, when prosperous wayfarers crowded Him out of the inn. As a Babe, to denote a fresh beginning from the simplest level and on natural lines, and a kinship with every one born of woman, Jesus came to call us all back to the way of love and peace and good will.

And the star that shone over the Child's home is today a war-racked world's only star of hope.

Paris, London, Geneva, Genoa, Connes—all have failed. Now let us try Bethlehem.

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SCIENCE CLEARS PITTSBURGH FOG

Gloom in City Is Dissipated at Start by Weather Experts.

A large section of Pittsburgh fog was completely put out of business recently by local scientists, assisted by officials of the weather bureau and experts from the United States engineering department. The initial experiment, conducted on the Monongahela river, was pronounced a "distinct success."

The official fog-removers expressed themselves as confident that considerable "Pittsburgh gloom" will be avoided this Fall and Winter, provided moderate funds are available.

The keynote of the experiment was the lubricating of the Monongahela river from Rice's landing to a point one and one-half miles upstream.

Notified by the weather bureau that a cold wave would sweep through the valley, the scientists took the government boat Evelyn, a derrick and a barge fitted with sprinkling apparatus and proceeded to Rice's landing. As the cold air and warmer water met and fog began to form, a thin spray of oil and organic acid was spread over a broad area of the river. The fog dissipated rapidly. The oil prevented union of the air and water.

Major J. Franklin Bell of the federal engineering department, Dr. E. Ward Tillotson of the Mellon institute and Dr. H. B. Meller, city smoke expert, were included in the party.

Another experiment, on a much broader scale, will be held as soon as the weather bureau forecasts another fog, they said.

Thieves Are Deliberate

Thieves who entered a residence at Yonkers, N. Y., helped themselves to food, slept in the best bed and carried away $5,000 worth of silverware.

Excavators Uncover Kettle of Wine in Ruins of Buried Pompeii

The first object of the directors of the new excavations in Pompei has been to expose the facades of the buildings in order to get a general view of the street. Only where there was a promise of discoveries of exceptional interest have they dug beyond a facade and removed the ashes from the interior.

A glance along the Via Abundantia produces a very different impression from that given by streets previously excavated. It reveals, what was lacking hitherto, upper stories with lofty windows, and carefully restored tile roofs with balconies and pillared terraces that almost suggest the paintings of Leonardo.

Dropped Tools and Ran.

An interesting building stands almost at the beginning of the new excavation. It is a citizen's residence that was undergoing repairs when the catastrophe occurred. The rooms are only partly decorated. In one chamber the frieze has been completed, in others only the decorations in lower walls. The workmen or artists, surprised at their labor, left their tools and materials in the courtyard.

The prettiest thing in the building is a niche-like sanctuary decorated in blue with figures in white relief. These portray episodes from the Trojan war—a very popular subject in Pompeii.

The next house contains a large establishment for fulling cloth, with all its apparatus preserved. There was found a system of fulling troughs, and a red impluvium with statues of the gods. In the richly decorated atrium are presses for finishing woolen fabrics, and other utensils used in the trade.

Figures on Walls.

Everywhere the walls are decorated with those charming, graceful figures which are so characteristic of Pompeii. Where would you find a woolen mill today in which the proprietor and his employes work in such artistic surroundings? To the rear is a kitchen with bronze cooking utensils, and the charred remains of a good sized joint of mutton. On the second story is an airy porch for drying cloth.

Found Punch Still in Jar.

Then follow taverns or refreshment stalls. Most of them are counter-like bars of bright marble where patrons were served directly on the street. Capacious earthenware jars are set into the marble top to hold the liquors. Few of the establishments had sitting accommodations. Those were provided in the Anima bar near the House of the Twelve Gods. * * *

Punch was served—a warm wine or something of the kind—for a kettle in one of these places was still two-fifths full of liquid when first uncovered; and since the building was buried deep under the ashes, it could hardly have gotten there after the disaster.

Next comes the residence of Hymenaeus, the moralist. One should call him the Pharisee, if that did not sound so absurd of Greaco-Roman Pompeii. This house has been fully excavated. Its modest facade gave no suggestion of what was behind.

On the ground floor are an entrance hall, a dining room and other apartments. In the dining room is a stone table with couches for the diners, where official guests presumably conducted themselves becomingly, and there were none of the wild revels that Petronius relates of Trimalchio's boon companions. For the master of the house, Hymenaeus, was a stickler for morals and respectability, as the stern maxims on the walls record: Lascivos voltus eta blandos aufer ocellos—Conjuge ab alterius, sit tibi in ore pudor! (Do not pay court to other men's wives!) A second maxim warns against strife and controversy; a third counsels cleanliness in both person and conduct.

Victims of Tragedy.

However, Hymenaeus had another apartment where he received his more intimate friends. This was on the second floor and consisted of a gorgeous sun parlor with a dumb waiter from the kitchen. This room, beautifully decorated in gold and red, betrays an atmosphere quite different from that of the moralist's sedate dining room below. For instance, there is a picture of a sleeping Ariadne with a satyr and a little Cupid stealing her robe.

VIRGIN ISLANDS REQUEST BOOZE

Shipping Expert Fearful of Losing Trade if Act Is Enforced.

St. Thomas merchants, whose prosperity depends chiefly on the amount of shipping that comes into the harbor, are hopeful that President Harding takes prompt and favorable action on the memorandum recently handed him by a commission from St. Thomas urging that the Volstead act be not enforced in the Virgin Islands; that the coastwise shipping law be suspended and that the quarantine regulations be abated.

Ship figures compiled from the custom house records show that for the year ended June 30, 1922, 2,156 vessels of all types entered this port, as compared with 2,552 for the previous year. For the 12 months ended June 30, 1920, 2,245 ships came into port.

It is pointed out that the year ended June 30, 1921, was abnormal, and that there has, in fact, been only a slight decline on the actual number of vessels entering port over the fiscal year 1920. But it appears that the port is not suffering so much from the decline in the number of vessels coming here as from the fact that fewer of these vessels take on coal or other supplies.

The United States shipping board built three large oil tanks here with a capacity of 165,000 barrels, to supply fuel oil to shipping board vessels. They were filled last January, and since then the total withdrawals have been only about 40,000 barrels.

Erin Favors Army Courts

The Irish parliament has approved in principle a resolution introduced by William Cosgrove, president of the Dail Eireann, authorizing the formation of military courts or committees to try persons who are charged with hindering the restoration of order or who endangers public safety. The vote was 48 to 18.

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Perfectly Natural and No Gray

You can do anything you like with your hair after you restore it with Mary T. Goldman's. The beautiful, even color is perfectly natural — no streaks or freakish discoloration to betray your secret.

Nothing to wash off or rub off — Mary T. Goldman's isn't a crude dye, but a clear, colorless restorer — safe, certain and easy to apply.

Mail the Coupon

Don't accept any statement on faith, but judge for yourself by results. Fill out the coupon carefully, and if possible enclose a lock of hair in your letter.

When you have judged by this test on one lock, get a full-sized bottle from your druggist, or direct from us.

Mary T. Goldman, 1641 Goldman Bldg. St. Paul, Minn.

Please send me your FREE trial bottle of Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer. The natural color of my hair is black..... jet black..... dark brown..... medium brown..... light brown, light auburn or blond.....

Name.....

Address.....

Please print your name and address

GOTHAM DUMPS BONES IN SEA

Burial Ground Makes Way for Progress in America's Metropolis.

Two motor truck loads of the bones of several hundred of New York's early settlers, some of them possibly Minute Men heroes of the American revolution and American soldiers of the war of 1812, were ingloriously and unceremoniously dumped into the ocean recently from a city rubbish scow.

Workmen employed by a construction company excavating a cellar dug up the ancient church yard. Old brownstone tombstones with names and dates, the latest of which was 1820, were unearthed.

In one corner of the plot, when a brick vault was broken open, the excavators discovered the bones. It was evident there had been a reburial, possibly some 60 years ago when a public school was erected on the spot.

The foreman of the construction job called police headquarters, and asked what to do with the remains.

"Oh, throw 'em down the dump," he was instructed, he says.

Italian workers with shovels loaded the bones of many Manhattan's pioneer citizens nonchalantly into two big motor trucks and the driver dumped them on a scow in the river.

From records it was found the old graveyard undoubtedly was connected with two prominent Manhattan churches of the early nineteenth century. Custom decreed in those days that every church should have a church yard in which to bury its dead.

The horse that wins the great English derby has cause to remember it, for people pull hairs out of its tail as souvenirs.

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For many years people have been coming to me from every part of Chicago on account of my wide reputation for supplying glasses that fit. I am now offering the benefit of this wide experience to people everywhere. No matter where you live, I positively guarantee to give you a perfect fit or there will be no charge whatever. I promise to send you a pair of glasses that will enable you to see perfectly and satisfy you in every way, or you will owe me nothing. They will protect your eyes, preventing eye strain and headache. They will enable you to read the smallest print, thread the finest needle, see far or near.

Send No Money

I will not accept a single penny of your money until you are satisfied and tell me so. Simply fill in and mail the coupon below giving me the simple easy information I ask for and I will send you a pair of my Extra Large Tortoise Shell Spectacles, for you to wear, examine and inspect, for ten days, in your own home. The glasses I send are not to be compared with any you have ever seen advertised. They are equal to spectacles being sold at retail at from $12 to $15 a pair. You will find them so scientifically ground as to enable you to see far I trust you absolutely. You are the sole judge, to incur, do the final word of work or read the very smallest print. These extra Large Size Lenses, with Tortoise Shell Rims, are very becoming and your friends are sure to compliment you on your improved appearance. There are no "ifs" or "ands" about my liberal offer. If they do not give you more real satisfaction than any glasses you have ever worn, you are not out a single penny. I ask you, could any offer be fairer?

SPECIAL THIS MONTH

If you send your order at once I will make you a present of a handsome Velveteen Lined, Spring Back, Pocket Book Spectacle Case which you will be proud to own. Sign and mail the coupon NOW. Dr. Ritholz, Madison and Laflin sts., DR-1453 Station C, Chicago, Ill., Doctor of Optics, Member American Optometric Association, Graduate Illinois College of Ophthalmology and Otology, Famous Eye Strain Specialist.

Accept This Free Offer Today

Dr. Ritholz, DR-1453, Madison and Laflin Sts., Station C, Chicago, Ill:

You may send me by prepaid parcel post a pair of your Extra Large Tortoise Shell Gold Filled Spectacles. I will wear them 10 days and if convinced that they are equal to any glasses selling at $15.00, I will send you $4.49. Otherwise, I will return them and there will be no charge.

How old are you?.....

How many years have you used glasses (if any).....

Name.....

Post Office.....

R. R..... Box No.....

State.....

TOLEDO BLADE

PUBLISHED WEEKLY.

D. R. Locke's (Nasby's) Newspaper

TOLEDO BLADE CO., Publishers, Toledo, Ohio.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.
One year, postage prepaid.....75c

Entered as second-class matter at the postoffice at Toledo, Ohio, under the act of 1918.

Read the Advertising

We will not, knowingly, accept advertising from a dishonest concern. Our readers are our friends and an advertisement is an introduction of the advertiser into the homes of our friends.

We will not, knowingly, introduce a dishonest advertiser into your TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE and guarantee his honesty any more than you would knowingly introduce a dishonest person to your bank and guarantee his note.

When you answer an advertisement, refer to The Weekly Blade.

THURSAY, OCTOBER 5, 1922

It is easier to hit a fellow being with a bouquet than with a brick.

Love is blind. That is the reason it so often stumbles over its under lip.

The man who lives like sixty will need a monkey gland at fifty.

It's a good plan, when people want to rave, to let 'em. Opposition only prolongs the agony.

America gets into nearly every war as the good Samaritan. Succoring the distressed is better than winning battles.

Lima Beane thinks the first ten thousand lies must be the hardest to tell.

The old stuff about the farmer "having a living anyway" won't keep young men on the farm. The farming business needs a boost.

It's human to err but there are better ways of being human.

After all the new tariff will have to be judged by results, not by what politicians say for it or against it.

Our idea of a game sport is the American explorer who is going to Africa to hunt for human beings with tails.

A bomb was thrown at Trotzky a few days ago and missed, of course. They need some good baseball pitchers in soviet Russia.

Sobbing in court is one of the penalties of transgression.

Making peace is more respectable as a steady employment than precipitating war.

A congressman's constituents expect him to have moral courage. That is why he is scared silly half the time.

Greece lacked preparedness. She was not ready for the house to fall on her.

All the delights of the good old days cling to memory and the undesirable things are forgotten. In the present we kick about the undesirable things and ignore that that which is pleasant to talk about. Man is built that way and there is nothing that can be done about it.

Here is a bit of magazine literture: "Her complexion was like velvet over which cream had been poured." What a mess for the cat!

When we can't have our own way we want to overthrow the supreme court.

Bonus or no bonus, there is more glory in being a soldier than a profiteer.

A scientist says the world will be ruled by women in 1977. Eliminating the word "obey" from the marriage ritual must be the first step.

Thank heaven the weather is not governed by capital and operated by labor.

Nobody in Germany has said that America didn't get into the war soon enough.

Training two parents in the way they should go is a difficult task for one small child.

'Tis said every married couple needs a sense of humor to get along successfully. Yes, that and a little common sense.

Purple and gold are Autumn's colors. The class yell is three sneezes and a snort.

Kipling didn't say it, but had he intended to say anything probably he would have said something in harmony with what he was reported to have said.

We now have the hunters' moon, which is fast waxing into a glorious radiance. But the old hunting days are over. Love is the biggest game now hunted by moonlight.

The fist looks out of place in pacifist.

If there are men with the mentality of a child there are small boys with the profanity of a man.

Houses without dining rooms are being built. Perhaps the automobile has rendered dining rooms unnecessary. The kitchen will go next.

A college professor declares the average woman has a vocabulary of only eight hundred words. We know nine of them. They are: "Now you come straight home when school is out!"

Bringing about a flood in the Sahara would be a good advertisement for a rainmaker.

There are many men like little Jeff. If they are going to be ruined they prefer to be ruined by prosperity.

Household Hint.—For swelled head, soak well in ammonia.

Demand for glands threatens to create a shortage of chimpanzees. Monkey business is picking up.

There is no reason why the old kaiser shouldn't be a wonderful lovemaker. He has nothing else to do.

Safety-first comment on Senator Tom Watson. He was the only one of his kind.

Apparently there is no chance of Judge Wilkerson and Sam Gompers agreeing.

Long may the short skirt wave o'er the land of the free land the home of the brave.

Making History Animate

In the Summer of 1865 the last pageant intimately connected with the human struggle that had covered a period of four years was given in Washington. It was one of the striking spectacles of the time. Seventy-five thousand soldiers paraded the streets. They were but a remnant of the army that had fought a victorious war. They were haggard and scarred by battle, yet everyone of them carried a wound that was deeper and more poignant than any physical hurt. Their great captain had fallen. Lincoln was not there to review them.

The other day, at Des Moines, Commander Pilcher of the Grand Army of the Republic, said: "There is not much time. This is not only one of the greatest, but one of the last encampments we shall hold."

Inspired by this feeling, it was proposed hereafter to have moving pictures taken of every encampment, that future generations may see in action the last of a race of men who fought through a vital period in the life of the nation.

That will be making history animate.

No matter what the title of the picture, in the years to come, for all time, it will remain faithful to the last organized survivors of the army that kept the republic from running on the rocks of disunion. The men in the picture will have joined their captain, but their feeble, faltering steps will be on record, preserved to the ages.

To measure posterity's appreciation of the picture we have only to imagine our own feelings if it were possible for us, today, to see in motion the seventy-five thousand men, under command of some of the historical characters of the country, who marched in Washington fifty-seven years ago.

Tariff-Making

The effect of every revision of the tariff, its predicted benefits and its gloomily promised hurts is invariably exaggerated. We have formulas of opinions for the occasion which vary as little as the jokes of the vaudeville stage.

Indeed, some impersonal, impartial outsider might consider—to hear these remarks repeated from tariff-revising season to tariff-overhauling period—that we were going through with an elaborate piece of national humor, satisfying to our funny sense by reason of reiteration.

The present tariff appears to have been framed with a minimum of reflection upon our altered state in the world. No one in congress, understood what it meant to be the financial power of the globe, to be looked for as a captain of industrial and commercial destinies. It is a situation without precedent for us, and lacking the imagination to see what reactions a higher tariff would have in the instance, congress has proceeded to alter customs duties as if conditions which prevailed before the war had automatically been restored by the closing of the war. There are folk who declare that on account of this blindness our foreign trade will be wrecked. But that is only playing at prophet. There is not a citizen who knows to a certainty the new tariff bill will do anything of the sort. Considering the past, one may say that these "wreckers" are exaggerating just as Mr. Fordney, presenting his child to the country, has been grandiloquent in its praises.

Yet one thing has been more than ever made certain during this time of tariff patching. This is that, as time goes on, the nation can less and less afford to experience a complete tariff revision. More than ever is it certain that congress must rely upon the findings and advice of a tariff commission, learn to make changes swiftly and by piecemeal and give over the habit of competing in exaggerations. Our tariff reviewers have become periodic of business disturbance. That disturbance, in small part or large, effects the well-being of every American family. It is conceivable that the disturbance plays a bigger part in our lives than the actual working of a tariff bill after its passage.

The Newer Fortunes

The man who, a generation or two ago, made a fortune in railroads as a builder or a wrecker or a gambler in stocks, was known all his days by his railroad connection. So with the founders of steel and tin-plate fortunes, more recently with the oil-kings and the munition makers. It was a simple matter to label a millionaire by the source of his millions.

But what about these citizens who are being lifted nto power and luxury through bootleg whisky?

They aren't primarily manufacers and dealers in gin, rye, bourbon and wood alcohol. They hate it like sin when it is even suggested. The great bootleggers, the real works in the industry, are a various group said to be made up of bankers, congressmen, cartage company stockholders, Pullman conductors, social lights with no particular occupation and speculative citizens who toil not neither do they spin to the knowledge of the income tax collectors.

It is one more evidence of the growing complexity of the world. In a simpler period the acquisition of a railroad fortune meant that certain folk straightway would gird up their loins for the conquest of social recognition. That was the natural course for every new fortune to take, whether made in land speculation or in selling holes in the ground dignified by the name of mines. But it is a bootlegger who has lost his cunning who will let his womenfolk make an attempt to invade society with a large S. He cannot afford the whispering and curiosity which go with such an assault. Thus it comes about that we are obtaining a quantity of millionaires who have to be as still, no pun meant, as the dickens, who sweat to spend money and yet cannot parade it, who cannot satisfy the yearning of their families for mention in the newspaper columns. It must make many of them sick!

Such a complex world.

Villa Totes a Gun

Senor Francisco Villa, one-time generalissimo of surging armies, a waylayer of innocents and a fugitive, dwells peacefully, it is said, on the 225,000-acre ranch that the Obregon government gave him for coming in and being good. But you will observe from the snapshots which travelers take of him that still he totes a gun.

Thereby, Senor Villa symoblizes his country and his times.

The quietest period in the career of the Mexican republic was in Diaz's middle years. Yet it was a period when the highly-trained rurales moved fast and in force over the land, watchful of the political elements that sought power by the show if not the use of firearms. Today though Obregon wanders about his capital unarmed, a great part of Mexico carries that in a holster which can speak swiftly and fire a whole Mexican state with excitement and the fever to burn and wound.

Villa holds title to a principality. But he banks none too highly on the permanent good will of a government that surrenders to a species of blackmail. For it might think it convenient to put Villa out of the way for good and all. It might be tempted to have the last triumphant word in its discussion with him. There is a law in Mexico called the ley de fuga—the low of flight. Say you are unpleasing to the powers that be. They decide to arrest and try you for anything from sedition to cattle-stealing. The soldiers arrive. You turn to pick up some simple possession to have with you in jail. You are immediately shot down. The report is made that you were shot while resisting or fleeing—and the law is satisfied.

Villa gave up the freedom of the arid hills for a far-flung estate. But here he is as much upon the defensive as in some tortuous canyon, refuge after a train robbery. So he packs a gun, taking no more chances than he has to.

He is Mexican and lives when it is none too certain that it will not be considered a relief to have him shrouded and buried, forever at peace.

Legislative Hypocrisy

The handling of the soldiers' bonus bill in congress illuminated once more one of our greatest national weaknesses — political hypocrisy.

The press correspondents at Washington could find few senators and representatives who, at any time, were sincerely for the measure. Yet it passed both houses. Upon the question of overriding the President's veto the house of representatives went sled-length, not because it desired passage, but because it had been made certain that the senate would stand by the administration. This was ascertained by a counting and recounting of noses, showing more than the necessary number of votes against destroying the effect of the veto. Certain senators, seeking re-election, felt it expedient to avoid the hostility of the pro-bonus sentiment. So publicly they voted against the President. But privately they let it be known that had the veto been in danger, they would have voted the other way.

Most of this political hypocrisy is unconscious. It is accepted as part of the game of office-running and office-holding. All parties practice it. A few times in the career of the republic has it been absent.

Nevertheless, it is a depressing thing to look upon. It leaves the matter of legislative decisions hinging upon things quite aside from personal convictions, knowledge as to the worthiness or unworthiness of bills in hand, the desire to protect public interests or better the national welfare. In the degree that political hypocrisy is successful, sincerity is penalized. A condition and a tradition have been built up that favor deception and hold out prospects of political gain to guile and misrepresentation.

An anaysis of the reasons for the poor opinion in which congress is held by the masses of the people would, in every likelihood, disclose that one important sense of this dissatisfaction is the suspicion, supported by events, that too much legislation is carried on with a strong faith in the power of the fimfam.

Although Burbank says it is a easy to improve humans as to improve plants no one will ever have a chance to prove it for it would be difficult to find any human to confess that he can be improved.

Only a few years ago men shouted "to hell with the kaiser," and now he is to marry a widow. What do you make of it!

It takes only one shot to start war.

HORSE WRANGLER IS NEVER ACCORDED MUCH RESPECT BY REST OF COW OUTFIT

A TENDERFOOT looking for work around a cow outfit is likely to be disillusioned, writes Ross Santee in the New York Times. If he gets a job of any sort he will be lucky if nothing worse happens. For the first few months he will be in his own way and everyone else's. And there is no romance in shoeing horses and being pitched over a corral fence. But if a man will work and is willing to sweat until he is worth something to the outfit, he may eventually catch on.

Around a cow outfit when a man sweats it means that he works for his chuck and gets no pay. Aside from tending the rank and packing salt, wrangling horses is where most punchers start and the horse wrankler doesn't stand very high in a cow camp. His relation to the top hand is much the same as a dishwasher's to the head cook in any first-class restaurant. The horse wrangler has nothing to do with cattle. He drags wood for the cook and acts as sort of companion and head nurse to the herd of saddle horses and pack stock that make up the remuda.

The Start at Sunup.

The horses are brought in about sunup. As soon as each puncher is mounted for the day the rest of the bunch is turned over to the horse wrangler. This was where my job began. I had nothing to do but take the horses out in the morning, water them at noon and repeat the performance in the evening. It sounds simple, but at times it's apt to be interesting.

If the feed is good a horse will fill up in a couple of hours. Then he lies down and sleeps for a while. If the ground is rough he sleeps standing. However, they don't all sleep at the same time, and a few that I've known did most of their grazing on a long trot.

On a mesa it's an easy thing to hold a hundred head of horses. But when the country is rough and broken a man can't see more than 10 head at a time. He never knows what the other 90 are doing. In fact, I found on several occasions when throwing the bunch together that the other 90 had pulled out for parts unknown.

Food Is Uncertain.

After the ponies quiet down in the morning the wrangler usually goes to camp for a while and augers the cook. If the cook happens to be in good humor the wrangler may even be asked to help himself to the coffee and cold steak. However, this is the exception and never the rule.

Some days the wrangler can be gone for hours, and when he gets back he will find all the horses together, but again let him leave for 20 minutes and there won't be a horse in sight when he returns.

The herd of saddle horses and pack stock is known as the remuda. Each puncher rides his own string of horses that are cut to him by the foreman. A puncher's mount usually consists of from eight to 12 head and a night horse. At night the horses are turned loose and each puncher wrangles in turn. Usually two or three men are on at a time. Their night horses are tied up the night before. The men leave camp before daylight. By the time it's light enough to see a horse they start throwing the ponies together. The horses are counted and generally reach camp about sunup.

If the outfit has a night hawk he holds the horses together at night and drives the bunch in at daylight. A puncher's night horses carries his bed when the outfit moves camp. The average size of the remuda, depending on the number of men riding, is from 100 to 125 head.

"Friends" Among Horses.

The horse wrangler must know each horse, but among the bunch, as in a crowd of human beings, there are always a few he comes to know best. For each horse has a personality decidedly his own. For instance, Rat was the cook's horse during the round-up. At other times he belonged to anyone in the outfit that was short a horse. No matter how short the feed, Rat always had a crease down his back. But while most horses run in pairs he had no particular partner. His weakness was colts and strays. The sorrier the stray the closer Rat would stay with him.

One morning at Soda Canyon two little colts came in with the remuda. The range was full of mockeys (wild mares), and the colts had been left when the punchers ran the bunch out the day before. A mockey seldom goes back after her colt. So, in the night the colts had found the remuda and had come in with the saddle horses in the morning.

Rat immediately took charge. He fought every horse in the remuda that came near, until late in the afternoon Old Slocum finally noticed them. Rat nickered and ran in a circle for a while, but decided he'd have to give them up. For Old Slocum was boss of the remuda. On the way into camp at sundown, Rat consoled himself by throwing in with a stray mule that belonged to a nester.

They Stayed Together.

Shoestring, Bloucher and Sailor all ran together. Any time a puncher found one he always knew the other two were not far away. Shoestring was a sorrel, an outlaw. Bloucher and Sailor were gentle as kittens.

Some days the punchers didn't change horses at noon. If they made camp by the middle of the evening one of the punchers usually brought the horses they had ridden out to the remuda. In Shoestring's case that wasn't necessary. The minute he was turned loose he left on a dead run, never stopping till he had found Bloucher and Sailor, even if the remuda were four miles from camp.

In the foreman's mount was Three T, a little hook-nose sorrel which always trailed the bunch. Any horse he could get to follow him off suited him. He disliked being herded. As long as I was in sight he would graze quietly, but the minute he found I'd gone to camp he'd pull out with as many horses as he could get to follow him. Going into camp at sundown he was always the last one down the trail. If he wasn't noticed he'd stand until he thought I was out of sight then he'd quietly pull out in the opposite direction.

Red Disliked a Rope.

Red was one of the pack mules. His pet aversion was a rope. No one ever roped him in the corral; at least no one ever did it a second time, for it took the whole outfit to turn him loose. Anyone could walk up to him, and if he just laid the rope over Red's shoulder he would allow himself to be led out. He always carried the Dutch ovens when the outfit moved camp. As soon as he was loaded he backed up against the nearest tree, and leaned against it until the rest of the horses were packed.

On any of the other horses the pack was always taken off before he was turned loose. Red had his own ideas about such things. If a puncher first slipped off the hackamore, Red would stand quietly while he was unpacked. But if he was unpacked first, it took the whole outfit and the dog to get the hackamore off.

One finds almost every kind of name in a remuda of horses. Some of the horses are called after their brands, as Beer Keg, R. Finger, Cross L and Ten of Diamonds. As a rule the first man who rides the horse names him.

The horse wrangler always rides the sorriest horses in the outfit. If he happens to get one that looks particularly good, it's ten to one there's something decidedly wrong.

A Tip From a Puncher.

When the work started one Fall on a mountain, the foreman was cutting each puncher his horses. Finally he roped a big black.

"Who gets him?" I asked.

"He's one of yours," says he.

It sounded too good to be true. As I was putting on the saddle one of the punchers eased over and said:

"Of course it ain't none of my business, but if I was you I wouldn't cinch him too tight. He falls over backwards."

At the shipping pens one Spring the punchers were all sitting along the top of the pen waiting to load. One of the old punchers was sitting on the opposite side, talking to an inspector. I never knew what the inspector asked, but as he nodded toward me I heard the old puncher say:

"Who? Him? Heck, no. He ain't nothin' but the horse wrangler."

WAIT A MINUTE

BY HOWARD P. WARWICK

UNCLE HENRY says: "Most of the fellows who went camping to recuperate from 50 weeks of work are now back recuperating from two weeks of camping."

Life's Discomforts.

Refraining from becoming discourteous to a bore.

Don't ask for a raise in salary and you'll never be disappointed. Nor will you be pleasantly surprised with one either.

Town Gossip.

Jack Spencer is thinking of buying an auto so no one will feel sympathetic enough to present his family with a basket of groceries and some old clothing next Thanksgiving, although he thinks he'll need the donation more after owning an auto than before.

A scientist says that in 1977 the world is to be ruled by women. Will there be any world left to save by that time?

Fashion Hint:—The place for the straw hat now is on the hook, not the head.

Rosalind's Advice.

How can I learn to stop biting my nails?—Bessie.

Ans.—Eat square meals and you won't get hungry enough.—Rosalind.

ON THE PHONE

"Did you know we have new neighbors?

"She says she's only 30.

"Yes, so do I. She looks 40 if a day.

"Their furniture is not so bad.

"Of course I like ours better.

"But such ugly children.

"I wonder how much he makes.

"No auto either.

"Must spend it all for clothes.

"I'll try to find out and let you know how much he makes.

"I hope not.

"Oh, I smell something burning.

"Call me up tomorrow."

UNCLE HENRY'S EPISTLE.

To the World.
Dear Everybody:

There are names and names. A person can't choose his own name. He never could. That is why some persons have such queer names when they themselves are perfectly sane. Of course surnames are hereditary. A baby can't help it if instead of having parents by the name of Montgomery he has a father who signs his checks with the name of Hammer, Bluff, Trot, etc. We can't all be Montgomerys or Fitzgeralds.

The female of the species has it on the male in many thousand ways but especially in regard to names. She might be born a Clod but there is nothing that prevents her falling in love with a Montague. In five years no one will remember that she was a Clod before marriage. Of course she can make it worse by marrying a man named Doolittle or Stubblefield, but that's her fault or Cupid's.

Christian names are not hereditary, but still they are not the choice of those who bear them. Unfortunately babies can't talk when they are born and so their parents have to pick out names for them without asking the children whether they like them or not.

Choosing a name for the newborn baby is no longer the problem it used to be. A parent can't ponder long over the choice of a name for the rosy little newcomer with the doctor chewing his pencil with impatience as he waits to fill out the birth certificate according to law. Parents can't think very well at such times so one of them usually decides to call the baby Virginia if a girl and Robert if a boy.

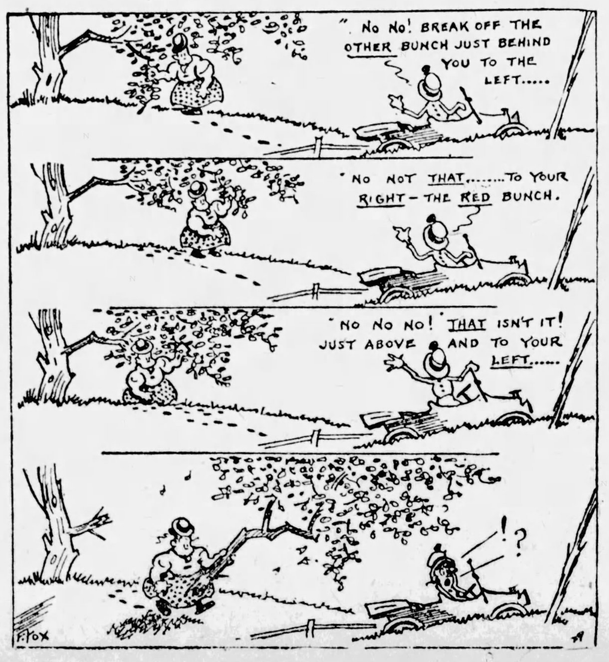
In almost every neighborhood nowadays a stranger could yell, "Virginia" and three-fourths of the girls in the block would come rushing. The same result would be achieved with the boys if he called, "Robert." I judge it's all parents with large families can do to keep from naming all their daughters Virginia and calling them No. 1, No. 2, etc., in the order they were born. There are numerous Virginias, but the other states are left out in the cold. It would be difficult to find parents who would want to call their girls New Mexico or Wisconsin though a few might decide on the name of Georgia.

In these modern times babies are given fancy names at birth, so they won't have to change common ones into fancy ones when they become old enough to have sweethearts. Many a baby named Nora is now a young lady known as Leonore. Edith develops into Edythe, Margaret into Margueritte, Lucy into Lucille, Dorothy into Dolores, etc.

We can choose our company and our careers, but we can't pick out our names. That's why some of us apologize for them and some boast about them. It's no use to apologize and there's nothing to boast about when you have no say in the matter.

Just a Name,
UNCLE HENRY.

The Powerful Katrinka Loses Patience



ABE MARTIN

Ever' girl has an age when she thinks she could live in squalor with th' man she loves.

Most joy rides end mournfully.

Rippling Rhymes

BY WALT MASON

Externals

HE said, "Jemina is a prize, a gem among the girls; in vain the gifted artist tries to paint her golden curls, and when I contemplate her eyes, my heart within me whirls." She said, "He is a fine young man, all wool and three feet wide; his whiskers are a dainty tan, with kopecks he's supplied, and in his handsome tin sedan I'll travel as his bride." So they were wed, and pounds of rice came swishing through the air; the pastor said, "I'm glad to splice so sumptous a pair; I'm sure they'll put up lots of ice ere they have snowy hair." But he was prone to pinch a dime when once that dime was won; to him the program most sublime was hoarding minted mon; he thought it was a low down crime to spend a groat for fun. And she regarded chickenfeed as something made to spend; to buy up junk she didn't need was her chief aim and end; she was inclined to give no heed to maxims bankers lend. Her tresses glimmered in the light, just as they did before; her husband's whiskers were as bright as in the days of yore; and yet each day they had a fight, and raging, walked the floor. It's well if brides, like roses blown, make ushers stand aghast; it's well for bridegrooms if they own a spread of whiskers vast; but sympathetic hearts alone will make a marriage last.

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JUST FOLKS

BY EDGAR A. GUEST

Life's Seasons

Troubles come and troubles go,
Never lingering very long.
First the Winter with its snow,
Then the Springtime with its song.
Then the Summer filled with bloom,
Happy skies above us all,
Then a day of dark and gloom
And the first cold frost of Fall.

Winter follows, long and drear,
Bitterly the blizzards roar,
Then a robin's song we hear
And the Spring has come once more.

So with us, whoe'er we be,
Trouble frets us for awhile,
Hurt and grief fall bitterly,
Then it comes our time to smile.

Joy is followed by the tear,
Grief and all its hours of pain,
Then a friendly voice we hear—
Life is at the Spring again.

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JAPAN GIVES GARDEN TO CITY OF TOKIO

The imperial household department has announced that the Shinjuku Imperial gardens, where each year the Imperial cherry blossom garden party has taken place, will be granted to the city of Tokio. Another garden is being sought for this fete.

The Shinjuku park, which embraces 180,000 tsubo, hinders traffic between Yotsuya and Sandagaya and prevents extension of one of these stations. Four thousand tsubo were granted last year to the prefecture for construction of a middle-school.

FIND PRACTICAL PROCESS TO REMOVE INK FROM NEWSPAPERS

BY FREDERIC J. HASKIN.

Saving old newspapers that they may be used again in the manufacture of newsprint may seem far removed from the problems of forest conservation, but it is directly connected with the work in which the forest service of the United States department of agriculture is interested. This branch of the government's activities recently has been conducting a series of experiments in de-inking and announces it is practicable.

About 2,500 tons of old newspapers can be gathered daily in the larger cities, it is estimated, and turned into newsprint by this process. This means roughly the saving of the cut each year on about 275,000 acres. This acreage carries a crop not produced in a year, but a spruce forest requiring 100 years or more to grow. That is an important saving, in view of the fact that the daily consumption of newsprint in the United States is approximately 7,000 tons.

In its modern development production of newsprint depends on the forest for raw material. The present supply, largely from mills in the Northeast and Lake states, is derived from forests in the United States seriously depleted or from less accessible forests in Canada. The latter furnish 65 per cent of the raw pulp used by mills in this country.

Many of these mills, representing immense investments, no longer have a supply of raw material of their own, but are dependent on either a foreign supply, or pulpwood that must be hauled long distances in the United States. Some of these mills have their own supply for only 10 or 20 years in advance and but one is known that has a supply good for more than half a century. Increasing distances to the fast receding forests mean added freight costs and higher prices.

The use of old paper for making new is very old and we find mention of a process in Denmark as early as 1695. Seventy years later German chemists were experimenting in that direction and in 1794, during the French revolution, Citizen Masson, a woman, conducted an establishment for that purpose. In 1801 Matthias Koops established the Neckinger mill at Bermondsy, England, to de-ink printed papers and make new paper and in 1849 Henry E. Rogers, in a mill near Hartford, Conn., made the first use in the United States of old papers in the manufacture of new.

POLICE IN PARIS KEEP GOOD HOURS

"Allo—allo! Mademoiselle, I asked for Auteuil 09-74, if you please."

"No answer, Monsieur."

"Outrageous! Mademoiselle, I am calling the police station of my quarter."

"Ah, but monsieur, it is after 10 o'clock and the officers do not answer after 10 in the evening! There is no use insisting."

This was the experience of a good Parisian who had urgent need of the police one evening not long ago. He found out by bitter experience that after an early hour in the evening one must telephone to the central police and fire department. It may be a long distance, and your house may be burned down or the burglar gone before any help comes—but then, it is Paris!

BRITAIN IS CARING FOR 800 SOLDIERS

Although it is nearly four years since the World war ceased there are still 800 patients in a special surgery hospital in London with wounds that refuse to heal.

Operations have been endured pluckily but without success. Nearly all the cases are fractures and a large staff of surgeons and nurses is kept busy. Many of the patients have been at work but returned to the hospital for attention.

VARIETIES

The barn, or screech owl, never migrates.

The apricot is probably a native of China.

Barley is cultivated as far north as Lapland.

The Bank of England was chartered in 1694.

The sartorius is the longest muscle in the body.

The battle of Waterloo lasted only eight hours.

Russian peasants frequently sleep with their cows.

Bangkok, Siam, uses canals principally for traffic.

Teething causes convulsions among young bears.

There are 122 garrisoned forts in the United States.

In Basel, Switzerland, is a cathedrai founded in 1010.

The Hindus have six orthodox schools of philosophy.

Jerusalem was entirely deserted for a period of 70 years.

Basselin, French poet, gave to literature the word vaudeville.

It is estimated that there are 130,000 miles of canal in China.

Worms attacked the first wheat crop of the Virginia colonists.

Bank notes were invented in 1640 by the Bank of Sweden.

The barometer was invented about the middle of the 17th century.

In 1921 there were two divorces to every five marriages in Oregon.

Women first appeared on the stage in the latter half of the 17th century.

Chicago has one cold storage plant which will accommodate 21,000 tons of meat.

In Ku, central Africa, a couple must be engaged two years before marriage.

In Ceylon are to be found snakes which attain a length of from four to five inches.

The first school in the Pacific Northwest was opened in 1825 at St. Vancouver.

Roman custom dictated that a son of a dead man should conduct the funeral services.

In 1860 the steamship Great Eastern crossed the Atlantic in a record time of 11 days.

All field artillery schools of the United States army are to be concentrated at Ft. Sill, Okla.

Macadam, a Scotch engineer, invented the system of road making known as "macadamizing."

A swordfish caught in Hawaiian waters had attained the remarkable weight of 1,290 pounds.

Lions and tigers kept in captivity require one day a week without food to keep them in good health.

The white mess jacket is worn by officers of the United States army at social functions in the tropics.

One-half the farmhands emigrating to Canada, from all parts of Great Britain, are ex-service men.

The first Protestant church on the Pacific coast was begun at Oregon City in 1842 and completed in 1844.

Peasants of those European countries where black bread is used usually have exceptionally fine teeth.

Wedding presents in Hungary are said to be given only to poor couples to help them to get their homes together.

Up to the middle of the nineteenth century the manufacture of shoes in the United States was done entirely by hand.

"Bread" made from clay, grass and moss, as eaten by the victims of the Russian famine, was recently exhibited at Riga.

Electric light was first used in America for stage illumination in the California theater, San Francisco, Feb. 10, 1879.

An elephant takes up the collection in some of the Hindu temples. It goes round with a basket extended from its trunk.

Under the English law tobacco in any form cannot be sold on Sunday, but in most towns the law is disregarded as a dead letter.

Two of the greatest literary productions of the Chinese are a dictionary of 5,020 volumes and an encyclopedia of 22,937 volumes.

Women members of the Polish chamber of deputies are given credit for the recent enactment of restrictive liquor laws in that country.

In France there were 92 aeroplane accidents in the military aviation service last year. Seventy-two pilots and mechanics were killed.

An Englishman asserts he has discovered a metal possessing the transparent properties of glass, by which airplanes could be made invisible.

Miss Lieo and Miss Han, recently ordained in the cathedral at Hankow, are the first Chinese deaconesses of the Protestant Episcopal church.

The volume of gasoline that is lost by evaporation in one stage of the handling of crude oil is equal to one-thirtieth of the country's annual gasoline production.

Some whales travel twice a year more than a quarter of the circumference of the globe, being in the Arctic in Summer and on the other side of the equator in Winter.

The earliest attempt at sewing by machinery of which there is an authentic record was in 1755, in which year a machine was patented in England by C. F. Weisenthal.

Japan occupies a prominent place among the countries of the world in the possession of mineral springs rich in radium emanations. They are found exclusively in granite regions.

Antwerp, Belgium, is the center of the human hair industry. Raw hair and Chinese hair, which has been bleached, dyed and prepared, is used in the manufacture of women's hair nets.

The best Oriental rugs represent prolonged labor. On each square foot of surface a weaver works about 23 days. A rug 12x12 feet therefore represents the labor of one man about 10 years.

Ripon, England, keeps up a custom 1,000 years old. Every night a "wakeman," attired in official costume, appears before the mayor's house and blows three solemn notes on the "horn of Ripon."

Burns committed his poems to memory as he composed them, and when he sat down to write he had before him no labor of composition but only the task of writing down what he had already finished.

HOUSEHOLD and CHILDREN

THE HUNTER'S MOON

BY MARTHA HOLDEN.

IF lovers when separated can get consolation out of looking at the same old moon and the stars guess we can too. Even the shut-ins can glimpse the moon out of their window and pretend they are wandering through the fields with us, star gazing.

We don't have to be hunting for ducks and squirrels, either, to get the full benefit of this Autumn moon but we will be hunting for something—everybody is whether they will admit it or not. Some are hunting for happiness, some for health, some for treasures and some for love. Sometimes we bag something we were not counting on and then again we pass by the very thing we are after.

While we take an imaginary stroll together, why not hunt for some of our favorite stars and tell the old stories over again?

Aunt Martha chooses Orion and Sirius because Orion is the great hunter. You will have to find the stars that form this beautiful constellation yourselves. They will be visible late in the evenings this month and you won't have any trouble if you are not already an old friend of the hunter and his dog because it is the brightest constellation of all.

We can retell the story—it goes something like this: Orion was a Greek mythical hero who fell in love with Merope, the daughter of Oenopion of Chios. One time, to please her, he cleared the whole island of wild beasts. However, he lost her, for after a misdemeanor, Merope's father, with the aid of Bacchus and the satyrs, put out his eyes. He recovered his sight by exposing his eyeballs to the rising sun, and went into Crete, where he lived as a hunter with Diana.

After his death he was placed among the stars, where he appears with a girdle, sword, lion's skin and club.

In this constellation are seven conspicuous stars. One of the most remarkable clusters of stars in the heavens can be seen in the sword handle of Orion.

Sirius, the dog star, is the brightest fixed star in the sky.

Fun to go hunting, isn't it? How many of you can tell us more about the stars? Or about the game you have brought home or about the Autumn evenings around the old farm?

City people miss that peace which spreads over the quiet country. Street cars rumbling by, bells clanging, newsboys shouting, people tramping over stone sidewalks, the chugging traffic, sometimes make them feel that nothing but noise exists in the world. They get tired and then they wish for the stillness of the open land, for a walk down the path to the brook or over the bridge near the old elm tree where shining through the few leaves that are left, they can see with clearer eyes the hunter's moon.

MERRY-GO-ROUND

We take care of our health, we lay up money, we make our roof tight and our clothing sufficient; but who provides wisely that we shall not be wanting in the best property of all, friends?—Emerson.

MICK SURVIVES.

I see your tempers have all cooled down a trifle, so I will see if I can get them to a boiling point again. Perhaps you think I did not like to read the answers to my letter, but believe me, I enjoyed every one of them, even the ones from V. N. O., Farmer Lass and A West Virginia College Girl, although their ideas are so different from mine.

Silver of Indiana, I would like to know you better. I would like to get some more of your recipes for canning such delicious eatables.

No, V. N. O., My conscience doesn't hurt me a bit, for you see when I get to thinking of a thing, I always make up my mind what is right and then it takes a lot to make me think differently.

Farmer Lass, do you know I agree with you? Yes, in everything but the question of women voting. You said that you wanted a husband to protect you, instead of one to protect. Well, I do, too. When I wrote the letter, I wrote, or thought I wrote that a man wants a wife to protect and care for, but when it was put into print, it read a man wants a wife to protect and care for him. Then you said that you knew King Philip would not agree with me because he was up-to-date and broadminded. Well, I think he is, too. Who would want to get into a debate with any one who was narrowminded? There would be no fun in debating with anyone like that, nor any advantage in having them on your side. I think that two broadminded people can think differently. But I still hope that King Philip takes up the argument on my side.

And now, College Girl, I also agree with you when you say that it would be a hard matter to enforce that commandment now. I think that nearly all of God's commandments are quite generally disregarded these days. Look at the Sunday ball games, the Sunday joy riders and even the Sunday night dances. I know that nothing is said in the Bible about women in politics, but I think that a Christian should have the greatest freedom in the house of God. And if a woman should be silent in church, her place certainly is not in the more worldly things. And if you think that because women have become better educated they are at liberty to disobey the Lord's commandments, I think you are entirely wrong.

So you think, College Girl, that my children will be spoiled, do you? Well, I don't know as they are and I have two of them, and they get rocked to sleep most every night. Sometimes I rock one of them and their daddy rocks the other, and I would not miss these pleasant evenings at home with them for a lot.

Well, College Girl, we are not exactly twins, for I was 24 years old Sept. 16. That was also my fifth wedding anniversary. Have I a twin somewhere among the cousins? Or would you refuse to own one for a twin who is not a voter?—Your country cousin, Mick of Michigan.

A CHALLENGE.

My town was the third oldest settlement in the Northwest Territory, after the passing by congress of the famous Ordinance of 1787. It was settled by the French, as its name indicates. Lafayette visited his countrymen here when he was our nation's guest in 1825. His surprise at the rapid growth of our state, in population and wealth, caused him to refer to it as the eighth wonder of the world.

General Hennocque, who was in the French army during the World War, was born in my town and lived here until he was 10 years of age, when he went with his parents to France.

Once upon a time, a class in a school in our county was translating the first book of Caesar, when the teacher called attention to a certain word and asked each of the 10 members of the class, individually, if he ever saw that word before. Each replied in the negative. It was the name of my county and theirs, the county in which they had all spent their whole lives. They had always pronounced it incorrectly. With the teacher's correct pronunciation and with the unfamiliar setting of Latin words, not a member of the class recognized the name of their native country.

Come now, all ye schoolmasters and ma'ams, all ye high school lads and lasses and other cousins, how many can tell the name of my town, my county and my state?—American.

HAS INTERESTING RELICS.

Born at Quarnebeck, Prussia, April 28, 1844. At the age of seven years I went to school, my first term at the above named in 1851. My parents and family of five childent went aboard a sailing ship at Hamburg, Germany, and sailed for America. We were on the ocean two months and 10 days. We landed at New Orleans, Jan. 1, 1852, went aboard steamer and in a few days landed at St. Louis. The river being frozen above, we had to stay there about two months. At the end of that time we again boarded a steamer for Burlington, Iowa.

My parents both died about a year after we arrived there leaving me an orphan in a strange land. Mr. Marsh and his wife took me to raise as their own child, and they always treated me as such. I married when I was about 30, and lived in Iowa until 1884, when I moved to Florida. I settled in the woods, 32 miles to the nearest railroad, and 10 miles to the nearest trading place and postoffice. There was not a house in the neighborhood but a log cabin. Now we have a railroad and a nice little village.

During the rebellion I was a private in Co. H, 46th Iowa infantry. I was with my regiment on the Golden Eara, coming up the Mississippi between Memphis and Cairo, when she ran into a snag and nearly sank. I have a napkin ring made out of a beef bone by a Union prisoner in Andersonville, Ga.

I have my cap that I wore in the army, also my portfolio and canteen. I have in my possession letters that were written before there were any envelopes or stamps, the postage marked paid according to distance sent and running from 10 to 25 cents.

I have a slate bought for me when I was eight years old, the only slate that I ever carried to school, and a lot of my school books.

I have a chisel that I used when I was 17 years old, a pin a young lady gave me in 1864 and a sewing needle a lady gave me in 1867. I have a silver watch that was carried all through the Civil war. I also have an old Seth Thomas clock that has been running 70 years and it still gets around on time. I have a linen towel for which my mother spun the yarn and wove in 1849, a rolling pin and potato masher which was made 78 years ago. They are made of hickory.

I am an old subscriber of The Blade. I first subscribed at Lancaster, Iowa, and have taken it ever since and I have got up a good many clubs for it in that time.—Poweshelk of Bowling Green, Florida.

In Case of Fire

Flour is said to be one of the most effective preventives of the spreading of fire from oil. Throw on the flour in large handfuls, and the fire will be instantly smothered.

Interesting Women of Foreign Lands

Duchess of Athol — Mlle. Olga Kopachuk — Mlle. Nadeja Stancioff

—Copyright Wide World Photos.

CALLED the Joan of Arc of the Ukraine because she is an active leader in the spiritual struggle for emancipation of liberty-loving people of Little Russia, Mlle. Olga Kopachuk has come to this country as the advance guard of the Ukrainian National Chorus. Mlle. Kopachuk is one of the leading members of this choir of 50 people which will tour the United States and Canada.

The underlying idea of the itinerary is that this is a mission to indicate to the people of the United States that the Ukrainians are artistic, intelligent, peace-loving folk, who deserve to be free.

The costume worn by Mlle. Kopachuk is her own creation and represents the arts and crafts of the Ukraine. It is of red satin and black velvet with hand embroidered flowers. The headdress is Bukovinian, a section of Ukraine, and indicates the "joy of living." Mlle. Kopachuk is a graduate of the Vienna conservatory and a lyric soprano of unusual excellence.

Mlle. Nadeja Stancioff, the eldest daughter of the Bulgarian minister to London, who was recently appointed first secretary to the Bulgarian legation in Washington, D. C., will soon arrive to take up her official duties. Mlle. Nadeja speaks six languages and was called by the late Lord Bryce "The International Kid," because of her extensive traveling. She is the world's first woman diplomat.

Extremely popular is the Duchess of Athol, wife of the Duke of Athol. She is known in nobility as Queen of Scots, because the duke, as head of the Clan Murray of Scotland holds royal court, just as the king does in London, for three months of the year.

The duchess is active in social and welfare work in the country north of England.

Short and Sweet

We seemed doomed to surprises—though "doomed" is hardly the word, for our surprises are invariably funny ones. Now, who ever dreamed that Mick of Michigan would turn out to be a Merry-Go-Rounder with two children? Mick, you are a great one, but you surely have given us a good time and we think we can weather some more arguments like yours, so get busy, cousins, especially you boys and girls.

Do you want to hear something startling? The Merry-Go-Rounders, for the first time in years, are actually beating you in the number of letters they send. They are pouring in. Maybe the Autumn days have a way with the young folks, calling them away from indoor sports such as writing, and giving them instead a taste of the somber beauties of the season, for the asking. Anyway, so much for a hint — the Merry-Go-Rounders are doubtless swelling up with pride.

Who is Minnehaha? She says you ought to know her. Hiawatha has kept the dark secret of her identity so far. We do not know of anyone who does not love Longfellow's works, and we surely do enjoy those melodious letters patterned after his poems.

What are a few freckles on the nose when there's a dimple on the chin? Ottie Moore describes a dear little girl in her letter (guess who) and we are glad to learn that this same little girl likes to go to school. Otherwise, how could she ever have learned to read the Household letters?

Babe of W. Va. is going to move to Ohio, and she is one young lady who likes adventure and won't make herself miserable over moving away. She believes in looking forward and not back and we give her a hearty welcome to our Buckeye state in case there are a few tears hidden away.

Be sure to read America's letter in the M. G. R. column. The first person who gets the answer correct will escape Mr. Waste Basket. It is a promise, so there is your chance, boys and girls, to show—well, you know who.

BOYS AND GIRLS

Set your affections on things above, not on things on the earth.—Cor. 3.2.

KNOW HER?

At the door on Summer evenings, I would sit and I would listen, to the whispering of the pine trees, to the trickling of the water. And I wonder if the cousins and Aunt Martha would enjoy it, to be with me just at twilight, see the firefly with its candle, lighting up the brakes and bushes. Then I sing, Oh! little firefly, flitting, dancing on the meadow, fly and make a light for Weary to see to write a nice long letter. Then you, trickling, laughing water, bounding onward to the ocean, please tell Seaman to write a letter of his long wonderful voyage.

Now you, whispering, sighing pine tree, take this message to Aunt Martha, tell her that I'd love to see her and wish she could be with me on these long and lonely evenings. Take my love to all the cousins, little tiny evening fairies, dancing in the silvery moonlight, take your wands and touch the Dream Ship, paint her in the brightest colors. I imagine now I see it, slowly floating down the river, like a yellow leaf in Autumn—like a yellow water lily.—Minnehaha.

TO ATTEND INDIAN PARTY.

Howdy cousins, and Aunt Martha, too. Delightful night, isn't it? And such a lovely moon. You don't know me? Well, no wonder, the last time I visited our corner was in 1916. Where have I been all this time? Can't tell you now, as I am all out of breath. I am in such a hurry and ran so fast that I lost the feathers from my headdress and stepped in an awful mudhole with one of my moccasins.

I came by the corn field and saw King Philip with all his braves building a huge campfire and getting ready for a frolic. Some of the lady cousins were there with great bulging baskets with white covers.

Such a scene. At last we are all sitting around a big roaring fire. King Philip and Hiawatha, in beads and wampum, and the warriors with their faces painted and long turkey feathers in their sclap locks.

Don't those corn shocks make dandy teepees? I see one basket is tucked away in a safe corner of one near by. All is still except for the hoot of an owl in the woods and the drone of countless insects which is so familiar at night in Autumn.

All at once a wild cry comes from the braves. Somebody rises, waves his arms, the rest follow and soon all are dancing 'round and 'round the fire, bowing, leaping, yelling and waving tomahawks and spears in the war dance so familiar to the red men. Suddenly we hear the sound of far away music. It is a sad, low wailing. Now we see the player out there dancing in the moonlight—a small figure with an old cracked violin. It is Elf of the Hills with her magic violin. The music changes into a beautiful waltz so sweet, who could resist it? Partners are found and warriors and maidens are whirling 'round by the light of the campfire and the big yellow moon.

Later we roast apples, corn and nuts. Then we spread the baskets of good things and eat and eat. Last we sit around the fire and tell jokes and ghost stories until the moon sinks behind the dark pine trees.—Tomboy of W. Va.

MORE RELICS.

I have come for a short time to discuss relics. I will tell you of a lucky trip I once took into Ontario, Canada, in search of arrowheads and other articles. On arriving my grandfather presented me with a very pretty arrowhead he had turned up while plowing. It was not at all like the ordinary chipped flint ones, but was perfectly smooth and a beauty.

While looking around an old camp fire by myself, I found many pieces of pottery and a dandy bear claw about three inches long with a hole bored in one end—a necklace, I suppose. If it could but speak!

I also have on old coin, and would like to have some of the cousins tell me if it has a market value. It is a one-cent piece, the back exactly the same as our ordinary Indian head penny. The front is stamped with the head of General G. B. McClellan, no date, and words, "Medal of Gen. G. B. McClellan. Price." It is evidently a Civil war coin, and I would be pleased if someone would tell me about it.

Shall I describe the fine station at Washington, D. C., for the benefit of those who have not yet had the opportunity of visiting this wonderful city? When one leaves the train it is not necessary to mount stairs or descend under streets to reach the station, as is the case in most every large city. One merely walks right in. It certainly is beautiful, massive marble pillars and countless seats and restaurants, flower and souvenir booths. From the front of the station the dome of the capitol may be seen. On balconies all around the interior are numerous statues and in the evening lights come from behind these, forming a real soft warm light.

While wondering when your train leaves the tinkle of a bell is heard and on glancing up in the direction from which the sound came, a "still" is seen on a movie screen with the information of the hour that certain trains start, what gate to go through and how many minutes are left, so you can imagine what a real station this is. So long, cousins.—James Smith.

READY FOR NUTTING PARTY?

I wonder if you will allow me a small corner when you find out why I have come. I want you all to go chestnut hunting with me. We will take our lunch and spenr the whole day in the woods with nothing to do but enjoy the beauties of nature. They are surely plenty, but especially in the Fall. We can watch the little squirrels gathering nuts for next Winter and see the colored leaves on the trees and also under our feet and feel the cool air on our faces.

I am giving my invitation a little early so we can all get ready for it. I will give my place to Day Dreamer.—Cinderella.

Snatches From W. B.

Star of the East, you have found a twin. Effie Shaver of Flatwoods, W. Va., has a birthday Sept. 16, too.

I should like to hear from some of you western cousins, as I am interested in the West and expect to spend part of my life there.—Amy Williams of W. Va.

Mixing with Martha has the best recipes I ever tried. I'll bet you don't live in a more beautiful country than I do. It is lovely to go gathering mountain lilies. Our school is in a valley where we boys and girls can roam all over the mountain and hunt mountain tea berries.—Mountain Lily.

I am from dear old Tennessee and I am sorry we do not read more letters from this state. I am one who agrees with Aunt Alice about the care of the parents. I was 28 September 21. Have I a twin somewhere.—A Tenniseer.

Oh Boy, apples are getting ripe. Come on, Aunt Martha and all you cousins there is enough for all. Johnny-Do-Little, hurry and climb the tree and throw us down some. Velma Somerville, I am your twin. Sunny Jim, you may have my place. —A West Virginia Poppy.

I want a seat between Roderick Dhu and Pocahontas to keep them from quarreling. Bachelor Billy, what is keeping you? Come again and tell us the news. Humpty Dumpty, where are you? I hope you haven't had another fall. The cold snowy days will soon be here. My, won't we have fun then? I will give my place to Dot.—Lily of the Valley.

I wonder if Rev. Clyde Wigner is car riding today? How many of you like to roam through the hills? I, for one, like to.—Rain Drop.

Apple Blossom's sister, who was hunting for a twin has found one. I was born July 23, 1907.—Goldye of Ohio.

Keystone Oriole, Sago Lily and all the rest of you cousins, come on. I like to read your letters. My home lies near Gassaway and is the dearest place in all the world to me. I live on a farm and like farming much better than the city. I am a lover of birds and nature. My hobby is horseback riding.—Sunny Snowdrop.

ART IN THE HOME

Chair Mats.

If you are fortunate enough to have Windsor chairs, you surely will want a rag chair mat for each one. Not that you have to have a colonial chair to enjoy these attractive and useful articles, for any chair which is not upholstered will not only look twice as inviting but will be much more comfortable.

Make them exactly as you would a rag rug with the exception of using narrower strips of cloth. Arrange the colors with the darkest border on the outside and fasten tape to the mat so that it will not slip.

This is a good way to use up odd pieces of cloth, making something out of nothing. You will wonder how you ever did without it.

Our Correspondents

Usually we have showers in Spring, but you ought to see the deluge that has struck us this Fall. When folks are sick, we are always happy to cheer them if we can, as it happens we can help to brighten two birthdays which come quite close together. One is Oct. 14, the 75th birthday of one of our readers who likes to read the letters sent by the "old" boys and girls. She wants to live to be at least 100 years old, is happy and contented except that the long Winter evenings are long indeed, and lonesome, too. Many happy hours could be spent by Margaret J. Stackhouse, Beloit, Ohio, reading cards and letters over and over again, if we send her a shower.

October 16 is the other date and will be the birthday of Mrs. Robert Ackert, R. F. D., Warren, Pa. A year and a half ago she fell and was seriously hurt. In March this year, she lost her home and all she had by fire, and in July she was in a runaway accident and was badly hurt again. It will be many months before she will be well. Now, did you ever hear anything like such bad fortune? However, it often does all come at once just that way, and we can make the birthday happy, anyway, if we take a moment to send a word of cheer.

Robert Brewer, Smethport, N. C., needs no introduction, as he has many old friends on the Household page. He has written us another letter, hoping that we will send him more letters. He is almost entirely helpless, but enjoys reading and writing—that is he would enjoy answering letters if he had stationery and stamps. He always mentions how good his friend, Jewell Morrison is to him. We suspect a deep affection there which gives unselfish service and receives the most grateful appreciation. Robert may be crippled and helpless, but he has one of the best gifts on earth—a good friend.

The Merry-Go-Rounders are writing so many interesting letters and we are hearing from so many of the "old-timers" that we do want to speak about how glad we are to renew those good old acquantances. We have passed the word to the boys and girls that you are beating them, so the competition will be lively, if we know those ambitious young cousins as we think we do.

We find that some of you are so busy that you save the papers during this busy time and then read them all at once like a serial story. We know what it is to be tired and we know what it is to be too tired to read, but we also miss you, especially on this chummy old page of ours. When the kitchen has those luscious pickling odors, and grape jelly and apple butter take first place, we sit back and sigh and wish —oh, how we wish—that we were right there with you.

Mixing With Martha

English Mince Pie.

Cut either beef or salt port into very thin pieces, place in basin in steamer at about 10 o'clock; keep it steaming; at about 10:30 add to the meat about one quart of thinly sliced raw potato; let cook until 11:30, then line a pan with rich biscuit dough, sides and bottom, fill with steamed meat and potato; add butter, salt and pepper to taste; a very little boiling water, if there is not enough juice; cover with top crust, making an opening for the gas. Bake one-half hour.

Casserole of Beef.

Two pounds of round steak; one-fourth pound of suet; two onions; cut suet fine, place in casserole dish or dish having tight cover, and try out. Cut steak in small squares, stir thoroughly in hot fat; stir in two tabelspoonfuls of flour; slice onion on top; cover with boiling water and bake.

Pot Pie.

Two cups flour, one cup milk, two teaspoonfuls baking powder, one teaspoonful salt; add salt and baking powder to flour before sifting; add milk and stir until smooth; drop a spoonful at a time on top of the chicken or veal and let steam for 15 minutes.

Meat Roll.

Make a pie crust, not very rich; roll out about one-half an inch thick; spread the meat, which has been previously put through the chopper, all over the crust; season with salt, pepper and bits of butter; wet the edges and roll; lay the roll on a plate and steam two hours. Fresh beef, pork or veal may be used.

Chicken and Rice.

Cook one pound rice in double boiler; one chicken, cooked until tender; pick out bones; make little nests on each plate; lay pieces of chicken on rice and pour thickened gravy over it.

Veal Scallops.

Cut veal from the tender parts into pieces about the size of a large oyster; have seasoning ready of salt and pepper; rub some over each piece, then dip in beaten egg and cracker crumbs and fry as you would oysters.

Toad in the Hole.

One pound round steak, salt and pepper, one pint milk, one egg, one cup flour; cut the steak in small pieces, beat the egg very lightly, add the milk to it, then pour egg and milk upon the flour and beat until a smooth batter and stir this and the meat together; bake in a two-quart dish one hour.

American Birthdays

Oct. 6, 1846—George Westinghouse, manufacturer.

Oct. 7, 1746—William Billings, hymn composer.

Oct. 8, 1833—Edmund C. Stedman, poet and critic.

Oct. 9, 1863—Edwin W. Bok, editor.

Oct. 10, 1831—Henry Mason, piano manufacturer.

Oct. 11, 1806—Henry Dexter, sculptor.

Oct. 12, 1808—Frances D. Gage, author.

POETS' CORNER

James Bird

Author Unknown.

Sons of pleasure, listen to me,
And ye daughters, too, give ear,
You a sad and mournful story,
As was ever told shall hear.

Hull, you know, his troops surrendered,
And defenseless left the west,
Then our forces quick assembled,
This invader to resist.

Among the troops that marched to Erie,
Were the Kingston Volunteers;
Captain Thomas then commanded
To protect our west frontiers.

Tender was the scene of parting—
Mothers wrung their hands and cried,
Maidens wept their love in secret,
Fathers strove their tears to hide.

But, there was one among that number,
Tall and graceful in his mien,
Firm his steps, his looks undaunted—
Ne'er a nobler youth was seen.

One sweet kiss he snatched from Mary,
Begged his mother's prayers once more,
Pressed his father's hand, and left them,
For Lake Erie's distant shore.

Mary strove to say, "Farewell, James!"
Waved her hand, but nothing spoke;
"Good-by, Bird! May heaven protect you,"
From the rest the parting broke.

Soon they came where noble Perry
Had assembled all his fleet;
There the gallant Bird enlisted,
Hoping soon the foe to meet.

Where is Bird? the battle rages;
Is he in the strife or no?
Now the cannon roar tremendous,
Dare he meet the furious foe?

Ah! behold him. See! with Perry
In the self-same ship he fights;
Though his messmates fall around him,
Nothing can his soul affright.

But, behold; a ball hath struck him!
See the crimson current flow;
"Leave the deck," exclaimed brave Perry,
"No!" cried Bird, "I will not go."

"Here on deck I've took my station,
Ne'er will Bird his colors fly,
I'll stand by the gallant Captain
Till we conquer or we die!"

So he fought, both faint and bleeding,
Till our Stars and Stripes arose,
Victory having crowned our efforts,
All triumphant o'er our foes.

And did Bird receive a pension?
Was he to his friends restored?
No, nor even to his bosom
Clasped the maid whom he adored.

But there came most dismal tidings
From Lake Erie's distant shore;
Better if poor Bird had perished
Amid the battle's awful roar.

"Dearest parents," said the letter,
"This will bring sad news to you,
Do not mourn your first beloved,
Though this brings his last adieu.

I must suffer for deserting
From the brig Niagara;
Read this letter, brother, sister,
'Tis the last you will hear from me."

Sad and gloomy was the morning
Bird was ordered out to die;
Where is the breast dares not to pity,
Or from him would heave one sigh?

Oh! he fought so brave at Erie,
Nobly bled and nobly dared,
Let his courage plead for mercy—
Let his precious life be spared!

See him march; hear his fetters,
Harsh they clash upon the ear,
But his step is firm and manly,
For his breast ne'er harbored fear.

See, he kneels upon his coffin
Sure his death can do no good;
Spare him! Hark! O, God, they have shot him,
See his bosom streams with blood!

Farewell, Bird farewell, forever;
Friends and home you'll see no more;
But his mangled corpse lies buried
On Lake Erie's distant shore.

The Single Head of Wheat

BY MRS. LAYETTE C. ELDRED.

All my daily tasks were ended
And the hush of night had come,
Bringing rest to weary spirits,
Calling many wanderers home.
"He that goeth forth with weeping,
Bearing golden grains of wheat,
Shall return again rejoicing,
Laden with the harvest sweet."

This I read, and deeply pondered
What of seed my hand had sown,
What of harvest I was reaping
To be laid before the throne.
While my thoughts were swiftly glancing,
O'er the paths my feet had trod,
Sleep sealed up my weary eyelids
And a vision came from God.

In the world's great field of labor,
All the reapers' tasks were done;
Each one hastened to the Master
With the sheaves that he had won.
Some with sheaves but poor and scanty,
Sadly told the number o'er;
Others staggered 'neath the burden
Of the golden grain they bore.

Gladly then the pearly gateways
Opening wide, gave entrance meet,
As they sought the Master's presence,
Laid their burdens at His feet.
Slowly, sadly, with the reapers
Who had labored long and late,
Came I at the Master's bidding,
And was latest at the gate.

Then, apart from all the others,
Weeping bitterly, I stood,
I had toiled from early morning,
Working for the others' good.
When one friend had fallen fainting
By his piles of golden grain,
With a glass of cooling water
I revived his strength again.

And another, worn and weary,
I had aided for a while,
Till, her failing strength returning,
She went forward with a smile.
Thus the others I had aided,
While the golden moments fled,
Till the day was spent, and evening
On the earth her tear-drops shed.

And I to the Master's presence
Came, with weary, toil-worn feet,
Bearing as my gathered harvest
But a single head of wheat.
So with tearful eyes I watched them
As, with faces glad and bright,
One by one they laid their burdens
Down before the throne of light.

Ah! how sweetly then the blessing
Sounded to my listening ear:
"Nobly done, my faithful servants!
Rest now in your mansions here."
"Then," I thought, with keenest sorrow,
"Words like these are not for me;
Only those with heavy burdens
Heavenly rest and blessings see.

"Yet I love the Master truly,
And I've labored hard since dawn;
But I have no heavy burden—
Will He bid me to begone?"
While I questioned this in sadness,
Christ the Master called for me,
And I knelt before Him, saying,
"I have only this for Thee.

"I have labored hard, O Master
I have toiled from morn till night;
But I sought to aid my neighbors,
And to make their labor light.
So the day has passed unnoticed,
And tonight, with shame, I come,
Bringing, as my gathered harvest,
But a single wheat-head home."

Then I laid it down with weeping
At His blessed, pierced feet;
And He smiled upon my trembling—
Ah! His smile was passing sweet.
"Child, it is enough," He answered,
"All I asked for thou hast brought;
And, among the band of reapers,
Truly, bravely, hast thou wrought.

"This was thine appointed mission:
Well hast thou performed thy task.
Have no fear that I will chide thee—
This is all that I would ask."
Then I woke; but long the vision
In my heart I pondered o'er,
While I tried to see what meaning
Hidden in its depths it bore.

And, at length, this lesson slowly
Dawned upon my wondering mind—
Never mind what others gather;
Do whate'er thy hand can find.
If it be thy lotted mission
Thus to serve the reaper-band,
And the evening find thee weary,
With an empty, sheafless hand,

Let thy heart be never troubled
Since thou hast fulfilled thy task.
Have no fear that He will chide thee,
Heavy sheaves He will not ask.

Climbing Up the Stairs

In the softly falling twilight
Of a weary, weary day,
With a quiet step I entered
Where the children were at play.
I was brooding o'er some trouble
That had met me unawares,
When a little voice came ringing:
"Me is creeping up the stairs!"

Ah! it touched the tender heart-string
With a breath and force divine,
And such melodies awakened
As mere words can ne'er define.
And I turned to see our darling,
All forgetful of my cares,
When I saw the little creature
Slowly creeping up the stairs.

Step by step she bravely clambered
On her little hands and knees,
Keeping up a constant chattering,
Like the magpies in the trees,
Till at last she reached the topmost,
When o'er all her world's affairs
She delighted, stood a victor
After creeping up the stairs.

Fainting heart! behold an image
Of man's brief and struggling life,
Whose best prizes he must capture
With an earnest, noble strife—
Onward; upward, reaching ever;
Bending to the weight of cares,
Hoping, fearing, still expecting,
We go creeping up the stairs.

On the steps may be no carpet;
By their side may be no rail;
Hands and feet may often pain us
And the heart may almost fail,
Still, above there is the glory,
Which no sinfulness impairs
With its rest and joy forever
After creeping up the stairs.

Poems Wanted

The following poems and songs have been requested for publication in the Poets' Corner: "To Mary in Heaven," by Robert Burns; "Lines on the Death of a Poet," by W. W. DeBolt; "The Big White Rose That Was Too High for Me;" "His Culprit Fay," by Joseph Rodman Drake; "I'm Sorry I Made You Cry" "The Dying Nun;" "Lulu Wilds;" "The Old Settler's Story or She Came and Went Again;" "Put My Little Dress Away;" "Down by the Old Mill Stream;" "When You Were Sweet Sixteen;" "The Victory Dance," by Alfred Noyes; "My Trundle Bed;" "Be Kind;" "The Ladies' Aid Society;" "The Message;" the answer to "Lord Byron's Farewell."

Also poems and songs containing the following lines have been requested:

Pictures tonight on the fields of snowy white
I could hear them darkies singing soft and low,
I long for to be where someone waits for me,
Down where the cotton blossoms grow.

Rain on the Roof

Every tinkle on the shingles
Has an echo in the heart.

If you see my mamma, tell her to come home.

Father, dear father, come home with me now,
The clock in the steeple strikes one,
You said you were coming right home from the shop,
As soon as your day's work was done.

Household Hints

Chili sauce is savory with baked beans.

Maple syrup is delicious on apple dumplings.

A little lemon juice improves the flavor of prune fluff.

A filet of beef is delicious served with mushroom sauce.

Baked apples are excellent served with plain boiled rice.

Macaroni croquets should be served with cheese sauce.

Serve broiled tomatoes on flat cakes of Hamburg steak.

Add a cupful of chopped ripe olives to cream of celery soup.

Grate a little nutmeg over custard pie and chill before serving.

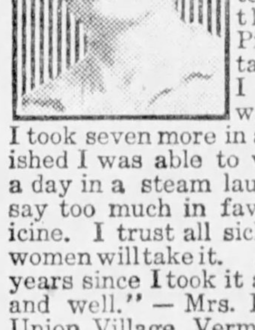
Grated orange rind colors and flavors frosting very temptingly.

Scrambled eggs are nice served on toast, or with hot minced ham.

WOMAN TOO WEAK TO WALK

Now Works Nine Hours a Day. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Restored Her Strength

Union Village, Vt.—"I was weak and nervous and all run-down. I could not walk across the floor without resting, and I had been that way for weeks. I saw your advertisement in the paper and after taking one bottle of Lydia E Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I felt the good it was doing me and I took seven more in all. Before I finished I was able to work nine hours a day in a steam laundry. I cannot say too much in favor of your medicine. I trust all sick and suffering women will take it. It has been two years since I took it and I am strong and well." — Mrs. L. A. GUIMANN, Union Village, Vermont.



This is only one of such letters we are continually publishing showing what Lydia E. Pinkham has done for women. Mrs. Guimann's letter should interest you.

Many women get into a weak, nervous, run down condition because of ailments they often have. Such women should take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound at the first sign of trouble.

OUT OF THE DARKNESS

By Charles J. Dutton

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(Continued From Last Week)

He paused, half frowned, as if the theory did not quite appeal to him and added slowly, "Still, Roche, there are other things to be considered. Those two cards are in different parts of the room; not together as we might have expected if they had been dropped by accident. It looks to me as if they might have been placed where we found them by design."

"Design?" questioned Roche, not understanding.

"Yes, design. As if some one wished us to think just what you thought. Then there is that bottle of whisky and the three glasses. You might assume that instead of there having been two persons in this room there were three."

"Three?" we both queried.

"Yes, three. You might even carry the theory so far as to say that one of them might have been behind the curtain, while Slyke and the other one were seated at the table. That drives you up against another proposition, however. All three glasses have been drunk from. The glasses show that they were all used at about the same time. Evidently two of the men smoked; the third did not. What I wonder is, were these three persons in the room at one and the same time?"

Roche, who had long since lost his air of self-satisfaction, now offered to help us make a thorough examination of the room. When we had ended our unsuccessful search. Bartley stood silent, a puzzled expression on his face.

"It's more mysterious than ever," he said at last. "I am sure he was not killed in the room below. I am also sure he was not killed here. There must be blood spots somewhere, yet where? There are none in this room."

He went to the window and glanced out, then came back and glanced up at the steps that led to the roof. All at once his face brightened, and motioning us to follow him he bounded up the seven steps to the little door that opened onto the balcony. We followed more slowly.

We found ourselves on a balcony some four feet wide that ran around the tower. About eight or ten feet below its bronze-tipped top, an iron railing protected the edge of the balcony and was covered with ivy, as were also the sides of the tower itself. For a moment we all paused and looked at the wonderful view. The sun was now high, and the mountains to the north were a misty blue. Near at hand the lake was covered with a faint haze like a cloud of thin cigaret smoke. Below us, on the estate of the dead man, not a soul was in sight. Even Bartley paused for a moment, standing with his hand on the rail, his face serious, his eyes thoughtful. But it was for a moment only; the next he was out of sight around the tower. Almost instantly we heard him call us, and when we reached his side he was on his knees examining the floor and the lower part of the wall. Looking where he pointed, I saw at his feet a dark splotch on the floor of the balcony, and a little higher up several similar spots on the wall of the tower. I realized that, at last, he had found what he had been looking for.

That this discovery puzzled him, I knew; but I also knew that it had not surprised him. One of his favorite maxims was when you make up your mind a thing is impossible, sit back and watch it take place. There was no doubt that the splotchs we saw were blood, and that it had been shed within a few hours. Had he expected to find them just where he did, I wondered.

As if answering my thoughts, he said, "Yes, Slyke was murdered here."

Though I had been sure he would say that, it did not seem reasonable that any person should select the balcony of a tower fifty or more feet in the air, as a place in which to commit a murder. It became still more puzzling when I remembered that Slyke had been carried down two flights of stairs, undressed, placed in bed and a revolver clasped in his hand. Roche, his fat face puzzled, gave me a bewildered glance. I could sympathize with his astonishment as I felt much the same way myself.

I expressed my surprise to Bartley and he responded, "I know, Pelt, all that you have said and all that you are thinking. It does seem out of all reason that anyone should pick the top of this tower for a murder. Yet here are the spots of blood, and there are none anywhere else. These spots are not over seven hours old; you can tell that by the way they have dried. I am sure he was not killed downstairs; it must have been here, and—"

He paused and, bending over, picked something up. At first I could not make out what it was; then I saw that it was a gold-plated collar-button, such as a man wears in the front of his shirt. Roche needed only one look to identify it, "Slyke's!"

Bartley did not speak until he had walked entirely around the tower and was again beside us.

"Chief," he said, "we may say there is now no doubt that Slyke was killed up here. I do not know why such a strange place was chosen, but I do know that he was dragged down these stairs after his death and placed in his bed to make his death appear to be suicide. The odds are very much in favor of the criminal's being able to succeed in his design, too. But he slipped up—slipped up in the manner in which he put the gun in the hand and in the way in which he closed the eyes. But why he should have killed Slyke up here I cannot understand.

Roche, no longer suspicious and jealous of his authority as a police officer, showed his admiration openly. "Well, Mr. Bartley, it's beyond me. I could never have found it out myself. But we have a lot more yet to find out."

Bartley agreed, and added that at least we knew that it was murder and not suicide, and where the crime had been committed.

As I looked at the splotches of blood, I wondered if, after all, it would not require more than these to prove that Slyke had been murdered on the spot on which we stood. Bartley read my doubts in my face and half smiled.

"There are more than the stains, Pelt. The only way to understand a crime is to see it as a whole. Now the balcony is the only place where we have found any evidence at all. Let us try to build up the picture."

He paused for a moment, as if thinking, then continued, "Slyke gave a party last evening. The crime must have been committed after the party broke up. That was probably between one and two o'clock in the morning. One man, perhaps two, stayed behind to talk with Slyke. We can't say positively that they did, but they may have. Roche thinks that this man, or men, committed the murder. One man may have stayed and then gone away before the murder, or someone else may have come later. They may have come up here to see the view, and one of them shot him. After the crime the body, at any rate, was taken downstairs again and undressed, the nightshirt placed on it, and it laid in bed. As he wanted it to appear like suicide, the murderer placed the gun in the dead man's fingers, but he either did not remember, or perhaps did not know, how the eyes should look after a sudden death. The very things done to make us think it was suicide prove that it could not have possibly been one."

Again I looked down at the spots of blood, wondering if they were enough to prove that the crime had really been committed on this lower balcony. Bartley, seeing my glance, added, "Go around the tower, Pelt, and you will see how every few feet there are little drops of dried blood, showing that the body was taken around to the darkest side of the tower after the murder. There was a moon last night, as you know. You will find also that, beginning here, the ivy has been broken and torn as if some heavy object had been brushed against it."

Doing as he suggested, I found that the ivy at the top and on the inside of the rail had been broken in many places and was hanging down. It looked as if some heavy object had indeed been dragged passed it, such a heavy object as Slyke's body might have been.

As Bartley was now ready to go downstairs again, we all returned to the room below. The first thing we saw when we entered, was a brown stocking, the mate to the one in the room below. We had not noticed it on our way to the balcony as it lay half under the rug, and the opened door hid it. Bartley picked it up, glanced at it, smiled, and was going to say something when a voice called to us from below.

In a second we were down the stairs and in Slyke's bedroom. The door to the stairway was closed just as we had left it; Bartley opened it to find a young man with a big camera under his arm on the landing. He gave us an inquiring glance; then seeing Roche, whom he seemed to know, announced: "Doctor King said you wanted me up here to take some pictures."

Bartley explained to the young man the type of pictures that would be needed for the inquest; and though he had never done any work of this kind before, he grasped at once what was required. He asked no useless questions, but when Bartley had finished his instructions, inquired, "What shall I take first?"

Bartley glanced at the bed and I thought gave a slight start. The bed clothes that had been drawn down around Slyke's waist when we were examining the revolver in his hand, had been replaced by Bartley, before we went to the floor above, in the position in which they were when we entered the room—that is, around Slyke's neck and half covering his chin.

"You had better take first a picture of the bed as it is now," Bartley suggested. "Then I will pull the bed clothes down and you can take a picture of his hand with the revolver in it."

The first picture took some time, for the young man could not seem to find the proper place for his camera, but at last it was done.

"Now for the other one." Bartley went to the side of the bed, reached down, and pulled back the bed clothes. As he drew them down he paused and a cry escaped him.

"Look!"

As my eyes fell on the hand of the dead man, I, too, started. When we had gone upstairs the revolver was clasped in Slyke's still fingers. Now they were empty. Someone had removed the gun!

CHAPTER IV

The Dead Man's Eyes

For several moments we were all so startled that none of us spoke. For myself, I could only look at the hand that had, so short a time before, held the revolver. I could not imagine who could have taken it, and what his purpose in doing so could be. I glanced at Bartley. His face was set, a white line showing around his tightly closed lips. He was angry, very angry. Only twice had I seen him so angry, and both times it had been with men who were cruelly mistreating a dog. No matter what unexpected situation arose, he usually remained good natured.

As he turned to Roche, who stood with eyes bulging, his voice shook a little. "Roche, go and get Miss Potter at once. Tell her to call all the servants and have them assemble in the diving-room. I will be down in a moment."

Roche hurried out without speaking. Immediately Bartley bent again over the bed, studying the position of the hand that had held the revolver. When he straightened up he told the photographer longer. As soon as the young man had left the room, Bartley turned to me with a rueful little smile.

"Well, Pelt, I certainly slipped up this morning. I was never so angry with myself as I was a moment ago."

"Why?" I asked.

He looked at me as if he wondered that I should ask so absurd a question. "You ought to know. We left this room without locking the door. True, there was no key, but I should have left either Roche or you on guard. Instead of that we have given some one a chance to slip in here and remove the revolver. He thought he was removing a valuable piece of evidence. The joke is that the removal of the revolver does not make much difference. We all saw the gun, and we all heard Miss Potter say that it had belonged to Slyke."

"But," I asked, "who could have known about it—I mean that it was murder? You were the only one who suggested it. Every one else who knew about the crime thought that it was suicide. At least that's what Doctor King said he was told over the 'phone."

I received a curious look from Bartley, who waited for some time before he responded, "That's the queer thing about it, Pelt. Only those that were in the room with us are presumed to know it is murder. That is, unless Miss Potter told others when she left here. She might have told the butler, for instance. The strange thing is that it was first made to appear to be suicide by placing the gun in Slyke's hand. Now that evidence is removed I hardly know what we are expected to believe. I had an idea, even before we came into this room that Miss Potter knew that her brother-in-law had been murdered."

What more he might have said I do not know, for at that moment Roche returned. He told us that Miss Potter had refused to call the servants, saying that Bartley had no authority to compel her to do so, and—he paused a moment, his red face flushing a deeper red—she had added that she considered Roche was the only one who had any authority to give orders here. For herself, she was convinced that Slyke had committed suicide, and that Bartley did not know what he was talking about when he said that he had been murdered.

Bartley looked very much astonished as Roche reported her words, then gave a low whistle.

"Does that satisfy you, Roche?" he asked.

"No, it doesn't," Roche replied, shaking his head vigorously. "It doesn't, not by one little bit. I am frank enough to say, Mr. Bartley, that though I don't see any light in this all, I know you can. Your experience and reputation are both greater than mine. I am, of course, the head of the local police and shall have to put up some kind of a bluff, but I wish you would take charge of the case. I don't know just where your pay will come from, though."

Bartley was silent, his face thoughtful; when he spoke he made no reference to what Roche had just said.

"You say Miss Potter doesn't wish to give us any aid at all?"

Roche nodded.

"Well, then, Roche, we will have to go down and see what we can do with her together. You tell her I am your assistant. You might also add that if she refuses to give us the information we need, we can arrest her on the charge of obstructing an officer in the discharge of his duty."

Both men grinned at this, and, still smiling, Roche led the way from the room. From the top of the stairs we could see Miss Potter in the living-room below, pacing nervously back and forth. When she heard us descending, with Roche in the lead, she stopped at the desk and began to arrange its contents in an effort to cover her nervousness and confusion. She did not look up even when we were at her side.

After waiting for her to speak, Bartley said in a grave tone, "Miss Potter, I understand that you told Officer Roche that you refused to call the servants."

She raised her face, crimson with anger, and tried to answer, but though her lips formed the words not a sound came from them. At last, in a voice broken with passion and with words tumbling one over the other, she said, "I—yes—it's so. I—told Mr. Roche not to call the servants. No one asked you to come here. You have no business in this house—looking into things that do not concern you. Mr. Slyke is dead, and every one will believe that he killed himself in spite of anything you can say. Anything that has to be done Mr. Roche can do. It's none of your business, anyway."

Standing in front of us with her figure straight and her shoulders thrown back defiantly, she almost shrieked the last words at us. She was so angry that she did not seem to know what she was saying. I wondered why she should be in such a rage. So far as I could see, there was no reason for it. We stood silent and embarrassed. Bartley's eyes never left her face. Under his grave scrutiny she flushed and her eyes dropped.

"Miss Potter," he said suddenly, "you don't want me to believe that you know who killed your brother-in-law, do you?"

His question seemed the last straw. She turned on him like a fury, and her eyes roved over the desk as if she were looking for something to throw at him. She shrieked, "You say I know who killed him—I—I know? Why, I don't even believe that he was murdered. How dare you say that—how can you stand there and say it to my face?"

Bartley shrugged his shoulders. "I don't say that you know, but if you keep on acting like this whenever you are asked a question someone else will. If it should come out at the inquest, for instance, that you refused to allow us to question the servants, people may not only think you know, but they may go even further. If you don't aid us, Roche can arrest you for obstructing an officer in the performance of his duty."

This was news to her. Anger gave place to fear, and she looked at us helplessly. Bartley realized that, overcome by what she had been through, she was not herself, and added kindly, "I know this death must have shocked you terribly, Miss Potter. I am trying my best to make it easier for you. I did not force myself into the house. Doctor King himself asked me to come this morning. For that matter, Mr. Slyke himself knew that I was to come today to talk with his step-daughter about that robbery a year ago. What you do not seem to comprehend is that a serious crime has been committed. Your brother-in-law has been murdered, and the law will demand to know who did it. It will also want to know if you did everything in your power to help us to discover the murderer. No matter what you do, or fail to do, you cannot escape the publicity, but you can soften its effects if you will aid us."

She had been nervously moving some books about on the desk. For a moment she said nothing, then she turned and faced Bartley, her eyes searching his, and in the tone of one weary and broken she said, "I will do what I can to help you."

She hesitated and brushed the unkempt hair again and again from her eyes, as if hardly knowing what she was doing.

"It's driving me wild. I am half crazy," she cried suddenly, and taking an uncertain step forward stumbled almost to her knees.

Bartley placed his arm around her and led her to a chair. Then turning to Roche, he asked him to call the servants.

As soon as Roche had gone, Bartley began to examine the room. It had not been cleaned since the night before. A few feet away from him were three card tables, their surfaces littered with playing cards, just as they had been thrown down when the last game was over; so, too, the chairs were in the same position into which they had been pushed when the players rose for the last time. Bartley picked up the cards on the nearest table and counted them. He did the same thing with those on the second table and on the third. At the last table he paused longer than he had at the other two. Finaly he took from his pocket the two cards we had found in the tower and motioned to me to join him.

Miss Potter was paying no attention to us. She was lying back in her chair with her eyes closed, her whole figure showing the strain that she had been under. As I reached Bartley's side, he asked me to count the cards on the table. I did so and found the pack was two cards short. As I finished, he handed me the two cards that we had found upstairs saying, "Look at these."

I scanned the two cards he gave me and then those on the table. The pack was an ordinary one, such as is sold for a dollar. Not only the designs on the backs were the same, but the texture of the cardboard as well.

"Do you realize what that shows??" asked Bartley.

"That the cards we found in the tower are from the pack on this table."

"Yes! They may have been dropped up by the murderers, or they may have been placed there to make us believe that someone in the poker party had committeed the crime."

"Why couldn't it have been done," I suggested, "by someone in the party?"

He was thoughtful for a second or two, then slowly shook his head. "Of course, it might have been, but I think that the odds are against it. The finding of the two cards in the tower makes me believe more than ever that the whole thing was a put-up job. They were too apparent. This is no ordinary crime, though someone wanted us to think it was a commonplace suicide. The criminal was afraid, however, that we might discover it to be murder and prepared for that emergency."

"How do you make that out?" I asked, astonished.

"An ordinary criminal"—Bartley spoke so softly that Miss Potter could not hear—"would never have taken the trouble involved in undressing Slyke and placing him in bed. That was intended to give the idea of suicide; but, as the murderer knew there was a chance of someone suspecting that it was murder, he took the cards from the table and placed them where we could find them. He knew that the finding of cards in the tower would throw suspicion upon everyone present at the game. It is to me only an additional link in evidence that proves it was not suicide."

He added that the crime was not the work of an ordinary criminal, but of a person of great intelligence, one who had not only known how to make it appear to be suicide but had cleverly manufactured other evidence in case it should be discovered to be murder. Such a crime appealed to Bartley, for it involved a problem seemingly without a clue or apparent solution. Our trip to solve a simple burglary had led us into one of the most complex murder mysteries of our experience.

Roche returned, bringing with him the butler, three women and a boy. It had been my experience in other cases that servants become badly frightened when the police question them about a crime, and these women were no exception. They picked nervously at their aprons and looked like a group of children lined up before their teacher, not knowing for what offense they were being called to account. None of them could give us any information of value. The cook, a stout Irish woman of fifty or more, had gone to bed about ten and had slept soundly until morning. She had not even known that Slyke was dead until the butler had told her. The two chambermaids, who slept together in a room off the cook's, had also gone to bed at the same hour and had heard nothing. They, too, said that the first they had known of Slyke's death was when the butler came into the kitchen. It was easy to see that they were telling the truth, and Bartley soon dismissed them.

After they had gone, Bartley turned to the boy, who, from the excited way he was wriggling, evidently wanted to say something. It came out with an eagerness that was almost laughable.

"I heard a gun last night," he cried.

"You did?" asked Bartley, startled for a second.

The boy nodded, eagerly.

"Yes, sir: Last night, sir."

Bartley placed his hand on the boy's shoulder. "Where were you when you heard the shot? What time was it?"

"Well, sir," the boy began, "you see I work out in the garage, wash the cars and such things. I sleep over it and eat in the kitchen. Last night, you know, we had the big car out to take some gentlemen home that were at the card party. When the chauffeur got back I washed the car."

The chauffeur? We stared inquiringly at each other, and Bartley said sharply to Roche, "Where is he?"

Roche looked confused and shamefaced, then hurried from the room, and Bartley resumed his examination of the boy.

"You said you were washing the car. What then?"

"Yes, sir. I was washing the car. It was after twelve o'clock and it took some time. Then I smoked a cigar a man had given me and went to bed. Just after I crawled in, about half-past one, I guess, I heard a shot. Not very loud, but it was a shot, all right."

"Where did it seem to come from?" Bartley asked.

The boy scratched his head for a moment and looked a bit foolish as he replied, "It's funny, but it seemed to be up in the air near the house."

Bartley threw me a quick glance. I knew what was in his mind. This fitted in with his theory that Slyke had been killed on the balcony of the tower. If that theory was right and the shot the boy had heard was the one that killed Slyke, he would naturally think that the sound came from the air. I wondered if the boy could tell us anything else of value.

"Did you get out of bed to see if you could determine where the shot had come from?"

"No, sir, I did not; but if I had known that Mr. Slyke had killed himself, you bet your life I would."

From his answer I judged that the servants did not yet know that their master had been murdered. At least, this boy did not know. He had told us all he knew about the crime, and was soon sent from the room. Only Miss Potter and the butler now remained to be examined.

Roche returned, looking more shamefaced than ever. "I'm sorry, Mr. Bartley, but I can't find him. No one has seen the chauffeur, and he doesn't seem to be anywhere about the place."

Bartley accepted his statement with a shrug of disappointment, and turned his attention to the butler.

He was a man of about fifty-five, tall, with a rather thin face of the unemotional kind common to butlers. We found he had been with Slyke for many years, remaining in his position more because there was so little work to do than from any great love of the man for whom he worked. Though he refused to meet Bartley's eyes, he did not seem to be in the least nervous. What had taken place that night he evidently accepted as something he could not help and need not worry over.

Bartley asked him first about the men that were at the card party. To my great surprise the butler said he was unable to give the names of all the men, though he knew most of them. He said that such card parties took place every two or three weeks, and that about the same men came to all of them. The stakes were never very high, and no one man, so far as he knew, had ever lost or, for that matter won, very much. His duties the evening before had been simply to bring cigars and fresh glasses. He may have been in the room some ten times in all. From what he said, I judged that no one in the group had killed Slyke to recover money that he had lost, for Slyke was one of those who seldom won.

Bartley took down in a little red notebook the names of such men as he could remember. Then he asked suddenly, "And what was the name of the man that stayed after the others left?"

The question seemed to surprise the butler, but he answered, "Mr. Lawrence, sir, the lawyer from Saratoga. Mr. Slyke asked him himself to remain after the others had gone. He went with him up to Mr. Slyke's room and stayed there a few moments. I myself waited here in a chair to let him out and lock up. I did not have to wait long; not more than ten minutes or so."

Bartley glanced at the stairs.

"Did Mr. Slyke come down with Mr. Lawrence?" he asked.

"No, sir. I never saw Mr. Slyke again." He paused, then added slowly, "That is, alive."

"And you did not hear the revolver shot, the one the boy heard?"

"No, sir, I did not."

Bartley took several turns around the room, pausing to glance out of the window; then he came back to the desk and said, "And after you locked up, what did you do?"

"Went to my room. Mr. Slyke had told me not to bother to straighten up this room until morning."

He paused, as if waiting for Bartley to ask him another question. I felt that he was carefully choosing his words and was not giving any more information than he had to. I wondered what it was that he was holding back. Bartley's next question and the answer that it brought proved that I was right.

"Did you see or hear anything last night out of the way?"

The butler was so long in answering that the question had to be asked a second time. That he had heard it the first time I knew, for his eyes flashed as he raised them for a second to Bartley's face. Even after Bartley had repeated the question a second time, he did not answer at once.

We were getting impatient before he said, "I heard nothing suspicious, but I saw—"

He paused, and Bartley urged, "You saw what?"

The butler glanced from Bartley to the woman in the chair. Miss Potter was looking at him with a curious expression on her face, one not of fear but of wonder, as if she were curious to know what his statement meant.

After glancing at her, he turned to Bartley and said apologeticaly, "Why, sir, I don't know if what I saw was anything out of the way. I would not have thought of it again if Mr. Slyke had not been found dead. When I got to bed, I began to wonder if I had locked the windows. We were rather fussy about them since the robbery. The more I thought of it the less sure I was; so I got up and was starting to go down into the living room when I saw Miss Ruth, dressed in a long coat, going into her room."

Miss Potter gasped and asked the butler in great astonishment, "But, Robert, how can you say that! You know Miss Ruth was not at home last evening. She spent the night at Saratoga. She has not returned yet."

The butler hesitated and half swallowed, as if he did not wish to contradict his mistress.

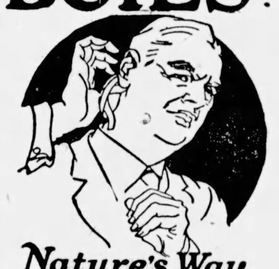
"I know, madam, but all the same I saw her. I knew that she was going to be away all night, that was why I was so startled when I saw her going into her bedroom."

Her voice rang out high and clear in the still room, "But, Robert, Miss Ruth was not here last night."

For a second no one spoke. Bartleyley's eyes went from the butler to the woman and back again. We all wondered what his next question would be, but we never found out. Suddenly, from above us, a girlish voice called, "Who is talking about me?"

To Be Continued

BOILS!



Nature's Way of Warning

you that your blood is impure.

Boils are unnatural and offensive! Don't take a chance that all your blood impurities will force their way through the skin.

Take S. S. S. and watch your skin clear up and your blood made rich and pure.

The power of S. S. S. is an acknowledged fact. Right off, it clears the skin of boils, pimples, blotches, acne, eczema, rash and other skin eruptions—and does it thoroughly.

Mr. V. D. Schaff, 557 15th St., Washington, D. C., writes: "I tried for years to get relief from a bad case of boils. Everything failed until I took S. S. S. I am now absolutely cured, and it was S. S. S. that did it."

Any good druggist can supply you with S. S. S.

S.S.S. makes you feel like yourself again

FASHIONS BY MARHTA HOLDEN

TAKE one glance at our friends this week and close your eyes! Think you have been to a circus? Little 8288 makes a cunning clown. He may be sleepy now but, oh, my—when he is awake he's a clown all right. Sister 1439 has to look to her laurels to keep up with him. Some little acrobat, she is, and could do hand springs for you if you wait long enough.

But sister 1358 is an artist with the cane. Maybe she is a prestidigitator and has probably turned Miss 1343 from a dancing horseback rider into a shy young housewife.

Such a group will have no trouble convincing you that their clothes are exactly right for the proper occasion, if you are interested in slumber, athletics, eccentricities or housework.

No. 8288—These pajamas will be found a most comfortable sleeping garment for either small boy or girl. Cut in sizes 2, 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. Size 4 requires 1¾ yards 36-inch material with ¼ yard 12-inch contrasting for collar.

No. 1358—A lovely model is here shown for your new Fall daytime frock. Cut in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 4 yards 36-inch material.

No. 1343—One of the best apron styles ever designed, for it is so simple, yet attractive. Cut in sizes 36, 40 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 2 yards 36-inch material and 8½ yards binding.

No. 1439—Bloomers for the young girl have become very popular. Sometimes they are made of the same material as the dress and worn instead of petticoats, and when they are made of serge they are worn with a middy in the gym. Cut in sizes 2, 4, 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 8 requires 1⅞ yards 36-inch material for bloomers and ½ yard 36-inch material for underwaist.

The Blade will supply its readers with patterns of the above designs at the rate of 15 cents for each pattern. These patterns are stylish and perfect fitting. All seams allowed. Full directions for making. In ordering give number, size, age, etc.

MARTHA HOLDEN BOOKS OF FASHIONS issued quarterly, 10c a copy. Address: Pattern Department, The Blade, Toledo, Ohio.

A man's brain attains its maximum weight at the age of 20 years

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Every "Diamond Dyes" package tells how to dye or tint any worn, faded garment or drapery a new rich color that will not streak, spot, fade or run. Perfect home dyeing is guaranteed with Diamond Dyes even if you have never dyed before. Just tell your druggist whether the material you wish to dye is wool or silk or whether it is linen, cotton, or mixed goods. For fifty-one years millions of women have been using "Diamond Dyes" to add years of wear to their old, shabby waists, skirts, dresses, coats, sweaters, stockings, draperies, hangings, everything.

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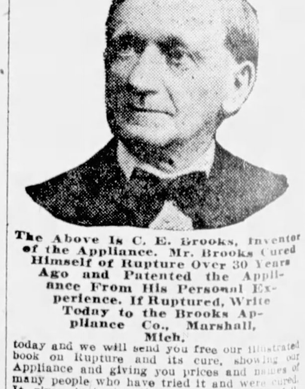

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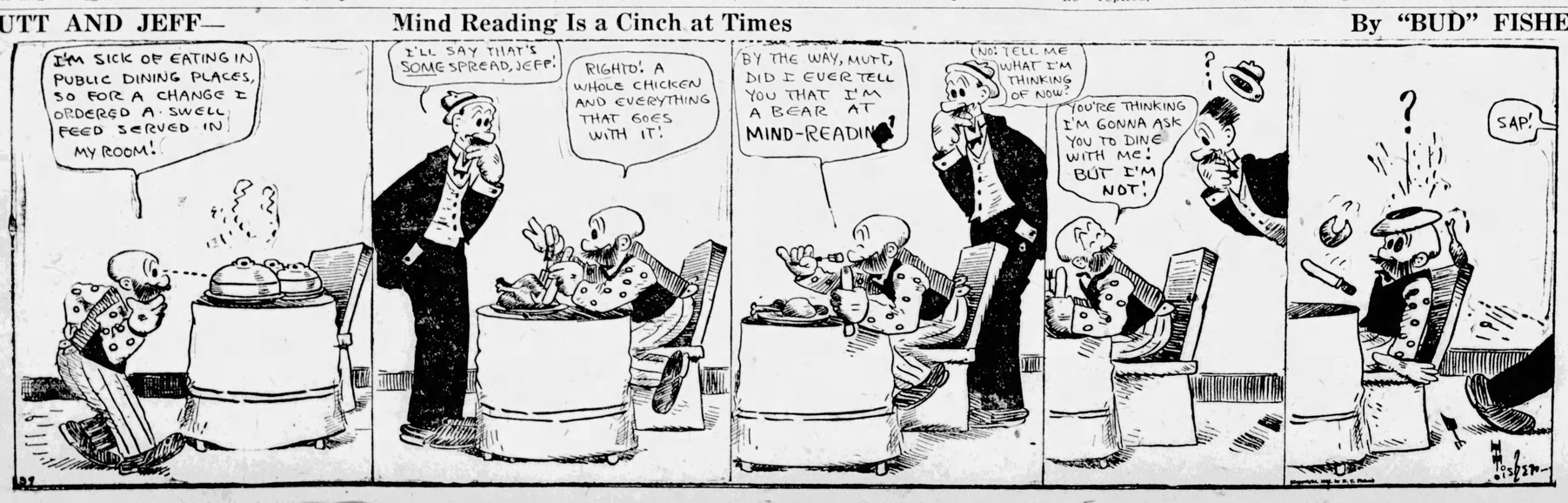
MUTT AND JEFF— Mind Reading Is a Cinch at Times — By "BUD" FISHER



CUBA REPORTED SMUGGLING ISLE

Report Says Alien Women Enter U. S. Through Fake Weddings.

Smuggling of European aliens into the United States from Cuba, surreptitious submerging temporarily in the waters off the Florida coast of large quantities of liquors by "international bootleggers," and mock marriages designed to insure entry into this country of women barred by immigration laws, form the basis of a report submitted to Secretary Davis by the bureau of immigration.

The smuggling ramifications, it is declared, extend to the capitals of Europe, and involve Greeks, Spanish, Poles, Rumanians, Russians and Chinese.

The report states that the favorite method of gaining entry to the United States from Cuba for certain alien women has been for them to enter into "fake" marriages with naturalized American citizens.

The principal smugglers in Havana, investigators declare, do not confine their activities to smuggling aliens into the United States, but also handle whisky and narcotics. The majority of the leaders are said to be naturalized Americans. A great many of the smuggling craft, it is declared, land and depart from Matan Sea, are of Cuban registry and do not enter or clear at the custom house there. Names used by the schooners and power launches, it is declared, are inscribed on plates, readily removable, and some vessels are said to carry several name plates.

Destination of such craft when leaving Cuba are not always fixed, the inspectors report, adding that a majority of the bigger schooners anchor outside the customs limit off the American coast and send their load of aliens ashore a few at a time in small boats. If liquor or narcotics, the cargo is often submerged at a predestined point and grappled up subsequently at leisure.

WOMAN ATTACKS NEW YORK LAWS

Says Constitution, Statutes Violate Mothers' Rights, Limit Privileges.

Mrs. Burnita Shelton Matthews, legal research expert of the National Women's party has issued a report in which she administered a scathing rebuke to the state of New York for its laws that discriminate against women.

The report quotes verbatim all the provisions of the state constitution, all statutes up to and including those of the 1922 session of the Empire state legislature and all judicial decision affecting women.

The chief inequalities noted in the report are that mothers do not have equal control and custody of their children; mothers do not have equal control over the services, earnings or real property of their children; the mother has the primary responsibility for the illegitimate child; mothers are discriminated against in inheritance laws; women are discriminated against as administrators of estates; married women may not choose their legal residences; the married woman is, legally, still much in the same position as was the slave on a Southern plantation in not controlling her labor in the home whether she works for her husband and family or for outsiders in the home; wives are not equally protected when conjugal rights are violated; women may not serve on juries.

The laws of the state of New York, the report says, are based on the old English common law, which, according to the report, considered women legally inferior in every respect to man.

Site of Carthage Cut Up Into Lots

The site of ancient Carthage is being sold off and divided into building lots, and the surrounding hills, rich in history, are being slowly covered with residential villas.

Archaeologists point out that if this building is permitted to continue, their excavation work will be seriously hampered, as the new proprietors object to invasions of their yards by workmen, no matter what treasures of history may lie underneath.

Two French government employes of the department of Tunis lately bought a piece of ground on the site of the old city, and before building their house started to find out what was underneath the surface. After patient digging they discovered a temple of Tanit.

Unless the French government stops the sale, real estate agents will shortly put on the market some 240 acres of the site of Carthage, at a total sale price of $200,000.

Feel "Old"?

JUST TRY THIS

85 cent Bottle FREE

(32 Doses)

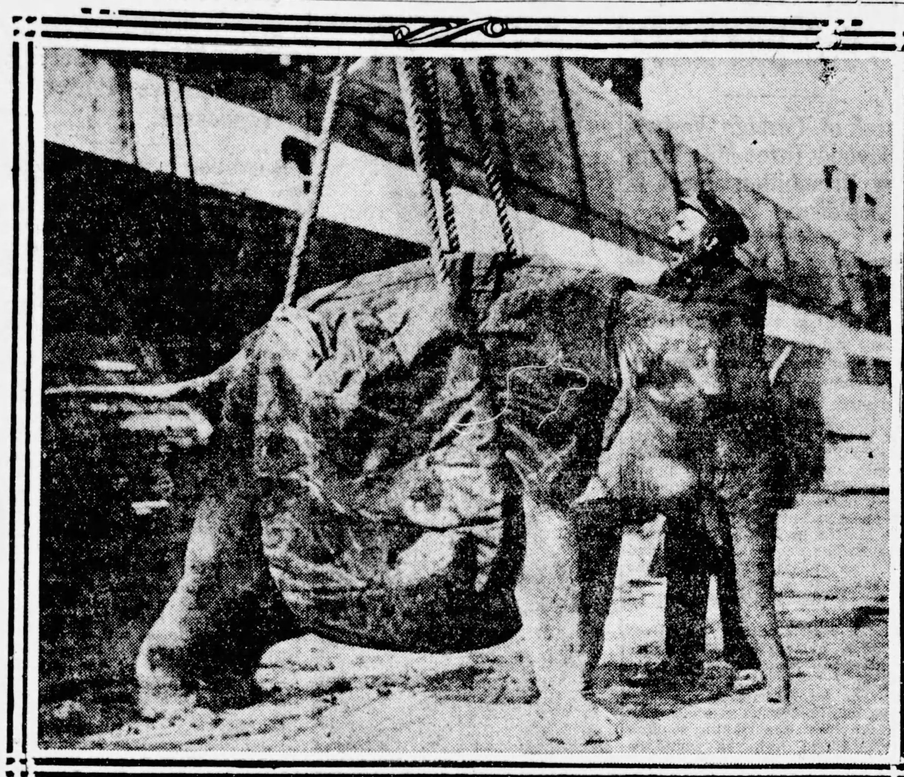
Just because you start the day worried and tired, stiff legs and arms and muscles, aching head, burning and bearing down pains in the back—worn out before the day begins—do not think you have to stay in that condition.

Be strong, well, with no stiff joints, sore muscles, rheumatic pains, aching back or kidney trouble caused by body made acids. If you suffer from bladder weakness, with burning, scalding pains, or if you are in and out of bed half a dozen times a night you will appreciate the rest, comfort and strength this treatment should give.

We want to prove The Williams Treatment gets results in Rheumatism, Kidney irritation, Bladder weakness and all ailments caused by excessive uric acid, no matter how chronic or stubborn.

If you send this notice with your name and address we will give you an 85 cent bottle (32 doses) free. Please send 10 cents to help pay postage, packing, etc., to The Dr. Ed. A. Williams Co., Dept. Y-1021, F. O. Building, East Hampton, Conn. Send at once and we will mail you by parcel post one regular 85 cent bottle all charges prepaid. Only one free bottle will be sent to the same person, address or family.

Hard on Elephant



—Wide World Photo.

PROBABLY this elephant would prefer not making a trip on the water, but the kiddies must have circuses and circuses must have elephants to eat peanuts, so Jumbo will have to go aboard the vessel by means of a sling.

FOUR-STATE SHORT CUTS

MICHIGAN

DETROIT—The Michigan branch of the association against the prohibition amendment plans to enroll enough members in the next few months to assure a vote at the state election next April, on a constitutional amendment legalizing the use of beer.

BAY CITY—A movement to indorse Henry Ford as a presidential candidate in 1924 failed at the Democratic state convention here when the resolutions committee decided such action would be "premature and too far in advance of the election."

HILLSDALE—J. W. Sims, county agent, has resigned and will go to Caro, Tuscola county, to take a similar position. He has been here three years, one year in charge of the agricultural department of the high school and two years as county agent.

KALAMAZOO—The Rev. Jesse S. Boyden, one of the oldest and best known Baptist clergymen in Michigan, died at his home here. He was a veteran of the Civil war, having been chaplain of the Tenth Michigan Volunteer infantry, and later held many pastorates in the state.

SAULT STE. MARIE—The 8-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Mose Petrie, living 10 miles from this city, killed an eagle which had a wing spread of seven feet, hitting it on the head with a big stick while it was battling a big goose in the family lot.

ANN ARBOR—Registration at the University of Michigan has ended here and classes in all schools and colleges have begun. Figures show an increase in every department over last year, particularly in the medical department, where figures showed an increase was shown as 616 as compared with last year's 554.

OHIO

TOLEDO—Attorney General Harry M. Daugherty is planning to take an aggressive part in the Ohio campaign. In speaches in Toledo and Cleveland he will ask Ohio voters to indorse President Harding and his administration achivements by supporting Republican candidates at the polls next November.

CLEVELAND—Industrial cooperation between capital and labor in the mining industry will be the chief topic of discussion at the American Mining congress when it convenes here Oct. 9.

COLUMBUS—Declaring liquor interests in Ohio "can expect no quarter from Carmi A. Thompson, Republican nominee for governor," the Cincinnati branch of the Association Against Prohibition has come out for A. V. Donahey, Democratic candidate.

INDIANAPOLIS—A. J. Beveridge, Republican nominee for United States senator, has accepted an invitation from President Harding to open the Republican campaign in Ohio.

COLUMBUS—The Ohio supreme court frustrated another effort to prevent a vote at the Nov. 7 election on a constitutional amendment authorizing the sale in Ohio of light wines and beer. It refused to hear the petition filed by Attorney George S. Hawke of Cincinnati, seeking to enjoin the secretary of state from placing the beer proposal on the ballots. Action of the court makes certain a vote on the wine and beer amendment in November.

NAPOLEON—High school students from rural districts whose township school boards are in arrears in paying their tuition, will not be permitted to continue their studies in the high school here unless satisfactory settlements for the payments are made.

CANTON—Spencer Wallace, 70, of Steubenville, past grand chancellor of the Knights of Pythias of Ohio, dropped dead from apoplexy here. Wallace had just finished an address at the annual state convention of the Pythians and was walking to his seat, when he collapsed.

CINCINNATI—Prevention instead of cure was the keynote of the addresses of the closing day of the convention of the Ohio Society for Crippled Children here. Rotarians from Ohio, Indiana, Kentucky and West Virginia, heard an address by Dr. R. G. Leland, director of hygiene department of health, Columbus, on the topic, "Prevention by Educattion and Publicity."

CLEVELAND—Atlee Pomerene, Democrat, and Simeon D. Fess, Republican, candidates for United States senator in the Fall election, spoke her last week, both building their address around economic issues.

AKRON—An embargo on all coal shipments from mines west of the Ohio river was announced here by officials of the Akron division of the Baltimore & Ohio railroad. The reason for the embargo is an excess accumulation of coal now at Lorain, where there are approximately 2,000 cars containing more than 100,000 tons of coal awaiting lake shipment, officials state.

COLUMBUS—Governor Davis was still confined to his home recently by an attack of bronchial trouble.

INDIANA

TERRE HAUTE—Perry Faulkner of Shelbyville, commander of Victory Post No. 70, was elected state commander of the American Legion at the fourth annual convention here of the American Legion, department of Indiana.

BLOOMINGTON—State taxes, the new tariff law and the action of the national administration in rejecting the soldiers' bonus bill were discussed here by Samuel M. Ralston, Democratic candidate for United States senator, in an address at a convocation of students of Indiana university.

INDIANAPOLIS—The Indianapolis Federation of Community Civic clubs has announced plans for a Riley memorial tag day as well as a Riley memorial program, each of which will be given under the auspices of the federation, Oct. 7, the anniversary of the Hoosier poet's birthday.

INDIANAPOLIS—An increase of three cents in the state tax rate for the coming year has been announced by Governor McCray, following a conference with William G. Oliver, auditor of state, and members of the state board of tax commissioners. The rate will be 27 cents on each $100 of taxables. This was based on a valuation of $5,195,329,312. The state tax rate last year was 24 cents and was based on a valuation of $5,701,325,792.

MARTINSVILLE—Morgan county's 100th birthday will be observed in Martinsville Oct. 12 and 13. All former residents of the county and those living within the county have been invited to attend the celebration. As a feature, those coming to the event have been asked to wear old-fashioned costumes.

NOBLESVILLE—A poison plant survey of several counties in central Indiana has been completed by Professor A. A. Hansen, of the agricultural extension department of Purdue university, and John A. Gilkey, Hamilton county agent. An interesting result was the discovery of white snakeroot and water hemlock on the farms of Austin Bond and John Kinzer near Carmel.

PENNSYLVANIA

PITTSBURGH—Mrs. Mary Krikorian, an Armenian, recently gave birth to quadruplets, all girls, but the babies died. The babies were perfectly formed and weighed an aggregate of 19 pounds. Mrs. Krikorian is reported doing nicely.

PHILADELPHIA—Many students returning to the University of Pennsylvania from their Summer vacations have adopted a novel method to obtain free transportation. They have brought venerable flivvers in their home towns for trifling sums, overhauled them and made the trip to Philadelphia. After their arrival here they repaint the cars, overhaul them again and endeavor to sell them for more than the purchase price plus the gas and oil. In one instance a car bought for $75 sold for $100 after making the trip from Indiana to Pennsylvania.

PITTSBURGH—Activities of the Women's Missionary society of the United Lutheran church in foreign lands during the past two years cost $525,000. The figures were announced by the national treasurer in her report to the biennial convention.

HARRISBURG—Dynamite was used by state forestry authorities in the effort to control the forest fire in the Clearfield forest region where the flames got under the forest floor and because of the unusually dry condition burned underground.

EASTON—Hazing in all forms at LaFayette college was abolished at a meeting of the LaFayette student council, as a result of a hazing bee when Robert Cunningham, a member of the Freshman class, was roughly handled and received injuries that sent him to a hospital.

NEWCASTLE—Urging that Pennsylvania develop its state college into a university and stating that this commonwealth at the present time provides less than half as much for maintenance of its public institution of higher learning as many smaller and poorer states provide, Prof. Raymond G. Bressler, a member of the Penn State "flying squadron," addressed a meeting of Penn State Alumni and friends here.

PHILADELPHIA — A new and fairly lucrative business is coming into being in these parts as a result of prohibition, according to J. E. Jones, assistant national prohibition commissioner. It is the selling of photograps of prohibition agents to saloonkeepers who violate both the spirit and the letter of the prohibition law. New Jersey saloonkeepers, said Mr. Jones, are glad to pay $50 apiece for authentic photographs and are anxious to have a complete collection of government agents who operate in their territory.

SCRANTON—Upwards of 250 delegates from all parts of the state attended the dinner dance which brought to a close the 31st annual state convention of the Daughters of America which was held in this city.

WOMAN WALL STREET BROKER

Men Not Only Gamblers in World, She Declares in Interview.

A wee, bobbed haired woman has "beared" and "bulled" and captured Wall street. She is the lion, or better, the lioness of "the street."

The only woman broker to hold down her own office in the most hard boiled financial district in the world, turned away from her ticker and said a little on "women in Wall street."

"Yes, women insist on gambling. They're great on getting rick quick—worse than men," said Clara Goldburst, the broker in question. "And women are terrible losers. They hate to lose. They can't stand it.

"Every day women come in my office and say 'My husband just died and left me $800. Please buy something for me, and make me a lot of money quick.'

"'You take that money home and put it in a bank and do it right away,' I say to them. I say to all women everywhere, 'do not speculate. No broker anywhere can promise you any profit ever. You take that money to your bank.'

"A woman should never play the market unless she is making a good living and has plenty of money on the side with which she can take a chance or enough that she can spare—and then I doubt if she should do it, she will hate so to lose her money."

This woman broker was an Austrian immigrant 12 years ago.

"Women can be brokers as well as men. It is a new field for women, of course, but I don't advise them to enter it," she said.

The street is too nerve racking. There is too much excitement down here for a woman. I want to make enough money to be able to retire myself, for the game is a stiff one."

Miss Goldhurst is only 26 now. She came to America without any education or knowing English. She began work at $3.50 a week in a necktie factory.

She worked by day and attended school by night. Her first job in Wall street was as a typist, but she worked up to a place of responsibility and finally took over the office herself. Now in the very heart of the district at 50 Broad street she has C. Goldhurst & Co. embossed on the door to a suite of rooms.

FIRST WHITE CITY MAY BE RESTORED

The town of Oahokia, 15 miles southwest of Belleville, Ill., said to have been the first white settlement in the West, may be restored to its appearance of more than 200 years ago.

The St. Clair Historical society has been urged to ask the next legislature for an appropriation to restore the village and create a state park. Cahokia was founded in 1700 by French pioneers. It was the seat of the first court house in Illinois and of the first church. The church is still standing. In 1769 Pontiac, famous Indian chief, was assassinated at Cahokia.

The old court house is on display in Lincoln park, Chicago, having been moved there from St. Louis, where it was exhibited at the world's fair in 1904.

The Latest Markets

Decline in prices on the New York Stock exchange last week, to the lowest of the month in many cases, was a logical result, sentimentally and economically, of the salient happenings of the last few weeks.

Previous attempts to depress security values had not been brilliantly successful but in each instance the quickly ensuing upswing added to the conviction of the bears that the general decline had only been delayed.

The stock market repeatedly has shown its ability to assimilate unfavorable news, if given some sort of warning of its coming. Recently, however, in addition to depressing factors which have been coming slowly to the fore, there were at least two utterly unforeseen developments and these, it now appears, were made the rallying point for the bears in last week's attack on values.

The passing of the dividend by the Pittsburgh Coal Co. hit the market squarely amidships, and coming when the Near East situation had reached a stage to which "warlike" was the only term to be applied, caused a sliding down of prices all along the line. Later came the announcement that the Midvale, Republic and Inland steel merge had been abandoned, although its sponsors were convinced all legal obstacles had been removed. This also had a far reaching effect on financial operations.

Railroad issues had a hard time of it because of publication of statements of August earnings. Car shortage and labor troubles reduced the income of practically every road in the country in August, but publication of these facts, when the public had begun to expect steady progress along the road to prosperity, came as something of a shock. Lack of equipment is becoming more of a deterrent factor each day and embargoes are likely to cut into earnings for some time to come.

Nevertheless the Pennsylvania system, with its heart in the Pittsburgh steel district and in the coal regions, came through with an increase as compared with a year ago.

The steel situation, which gave encouragement to optimists during all the dark days of the coal strike, is in anything but a favorable condition now. Difficulty in obtaining cars is throttling domestic deliveries and the steadily advancing prices have played havoc with export business. Indeed British firms find it easier each week to deliver their steel and iron at our ports at a profit.

Foreign exchange has fallen to the lowest point in a long time, due primarily to the war scare. Two other factors are in evidence. Buying of remittance bills has been on the heaviest scale of the year and arrangements made by the British to pay interest on the debt to this country are unquestionably in progress.

Liberty bonds went below par last week the first time in many months. Large institutions sold in some cases purely to take profits and in others to prepare to take part in the new government financing.

GRAIN

Wheat, cash, $1.14½; Dec., $1.18½; May, $1.24¾. Corn, cash, 72½c. Oats, cash, old, 45c; new, 44½c. Barley, cash, 67c. Rye, No. 2, cash, 75c. Clover seed, cash, $11.10; Oct., $11.10; Dec., $11.25; March, $11.45. Alsike, cash, $10.25; Oct., $10.25; Dec., $10.35. Timothy, cash, $3.30; Oct., $3.15; Dec., $3.15.

Chicago—Wheat, Dec., $1.05⅝; May, $1.09⅛. Corn, Dec., 59⅛c; May, 61⅞c. Oats, Dec., 37⅛c; May, 38⅞c. Barley, Dec., 58½c; May, 58½c. Rye, Dec., 70⅜c; May, 74c.

PRODUCE

Toledo—Butter—Fancy creamery, 1-lb. prints, 46c; solid pack, 45c; nut margarine, 23½@24c.

Cheese—Fancy brick, 27½@28c; Michigan, 27c; brick, 24½@25c; longhorn, 27c.

Eggs—Candled, 40c; selects, 47c.

Bacon—Fat, 23½c; lean, 33½c; wide, 6 to 8 lbs., 29c; 8 to 10 lbs., 28c; 11 to 12 lbs., 25c; 12 to 15 lbs., 23c. Lard—13½c. Hams—23c. Sausage—Fresh pork, 17c; luncheon, 21c.

Live Poultry—Ducks, 20@22c; geese, 14@15c; turkeys, 28@30c; hens, 24@25c; Leghorn broilers, 18@20c; broilers, 21@23c; old roosters and stags, 14@15c.

Hides—No. 1, 10c; No. 2, 9c; bull, 6c; green calf, No. 1, 17c; No. 2, 15½c; kip, 13c; No. 2 kip, 11½c; cured hides, No. 1, 11c; No. 2, 10c; horse hides, $2.50.

Cleveland—Butter—Extra in tubs, 47@47½c; one-pound prints, 48@48½c; extra firsts, 46@46½c; firsts, 45@45½c; seconds, 38½@39c; packing stock, 24@26c. Eggs—Fresh gathered northern extras, 40c; extra firsts, 39c; Ohio firsts, 36c; Western firsts, new cases, 35c. Oleomargarine—Nut oleo, 21@22c; high grade, made of animal oil, 23@23½c; lower grades, 16@17c. Cheese—York state, 25@26c; brick, 24@25c; fancy Swiss, 30@45c; limburger, 26@28c. Poultry—Live heavy fowls, 24@25c; thin, 17@19c; roosters, 14@15c; Springers, fat, 23@25c; Leghorns, 19@20c; Spring ducks, 19@21c. Potatoes—East Shore Virginia Cobblers, new stock, $2.00@2.25 a barrel; Jersey, $2.25 a 100-lb. sack; Giants, $1.75@1.80 per 2-bushel sack. Sweet Potatoes—Virginia, $2.50 bbl.; Jerseys, $1.00@1.35 a hamper.

Chicago—Butter steady; creamery extras, 42c; firsts, 34@37c; extra firsts, 38@41c; seconds, 32@33c; standards, 38½c. Eggs unchanged; receipts, 6,956 cases; firsts, 28@35c; ordinary firsts, 25@26c; miscellaneous, 27@28c; refrigerator firsts, 25@26c. Poultry, alive, lower; fowls, 14@23c; Springs, 19c; roosters, 13c.

New York—Butter, steady; receipts, 10,687. Eggs, easier; receipts, 15,492. Refrigerator firsts, 28½@30c; New Jersey hennery, white, uncandled extras, 70@75c. Cheese steady; receipts, 1,597. Live poultry firm; fowls, 20@26c; dressed poultry weak; prices unchanged.

LIVE STOCK

Cleveland—Hogs—Receipts, 5,500; heavies, $10.25; yorkers, $10.65; pigs, $10.50. Cattle, $10.00. Calves, $12.50 @ 13.00. Lambs, $14.00@14.50.

Pittsburgh—Cattle—Receipts, 3,000; lower; steers, $9.25@9.50; heifers, $2.00@7.50; cows, $5.00@6.00. Hogs—Receipts, 8,000; lower; heavies, $10.40; heavy yorkers, $10.60@10.65; light yorkers and pigs, $10.40@10.50. Sheep and lambs—Receipts, 6,000; top sheep, $7.50; steady; top lambs, $14.50, lower; calves, receipts, 1,000, steady; top, $13.50.

East Buffalo—Cattle—Receipts, 3,000; light; supply of choice grades strong; common 25c lower; shipping steers, $9.50 @ 10.50; butchers $8.00@9.50; yearlings, $9.50@11.25; heifers, $6.00@8.50; cows, $2.25@6.25; bulls, $3.25@5.25; stockers and feeders, $5.50@6.50; fresh cows and Springers, $40@115. Calves—Receipts, 1,700; steady; $5.00@14.00. Hogs—Receipts, 15,200; 25c lower; pigs, 50c lower; heavy, $10.50 @ 10.60; Yorkers, light do, $10.25@10.50; pigs, $10.25; roughs, $8.00@8.25; stags, $5.00@6.00. Sheep and lambs—Receipts, 11,600; lambs, 50c lower; lambs, $6.00@14.00; yearlings, $6.00@10.50; wethers, $8.00@8.50; ewes, $2.00@7.50; mixed sheep, $7.50@$8.00.

East St. Louis, Ill.—(U. S. Department of Agriculture)—Cattle Receipts, 2,500; compared with week ago; beef steers, $9.50 and up; strong to 25c higher; other grades and stockers and feeder steers, 25@35c lower; choice yearling standard and heifers 25c lower; others, 75c to $1.00 lower; beef cows, 50c to 75c lower; canners, 10c to 15c lower; bulls, 50c lower; calves, $1.50@2.00 lower; top for week, long yearlings, $11.90; matured steers, $11.00; bulks, for week, fed steers, $9.50@11.00; grassers, $5.00@7.10; light yearlings and heifers, $5.50@8.50; heifers, $3.75@5.25; canners, $2.50@2.75; bulls, $3.25@4.25; stocker and feeder steers, $4.50@6.50. Hogs—Receipts, 5,000; extremely slow; mostly 10c to 15c lower; large holdovers, top, $10.25 for good weight butchers; bulk, 150 to 250-pound averages, $9.90@10.15; light lights, $9.85@10.00; pigs, $9.75@9.85 for good weights and $9.50@9.75 for light kinds; packer sows mostly 25c lower; bulk, $7.75@8.00; few best light weights, $8.25. Sheep—Receipts, 750; slow, mostly 25c lower on few lambs; large carry overs market for week, 50@75c lower on fat lambs; steady on culls, fat sheep and other aged classes; quote good to choice lambs, $13.00@13.75; culls, $8.00@8.50; fat light ewes, $6.00; heavies, $3.00@4.00; culls, 50c@$2.50.

Chicago—(U. S. Department of Agriculture)—Cattle—Receipts, 2,500; compared with week ago, near choice and prime native steers and yearlings largely 25c higher; other grades largely 25c down; spots off considerably more; extreme top native beef steers, $12.25; top long yearlings, $12.00; top mixed yearling steers and heifers, $11.75; Western grassers largely 10@15c lower; stockers and feeders mostly steady; better grades beef cows and heifers, 25c lower; in-between grades dragging, uneven; sharply lower in spots; canners and bulls largely steady; veal calves mostly 50@75c off; week's bulk prices native beef steers, $9.15@11.00; Western grassers, $7.00@7.50; beef cows and heifers, $4.50@7.40; canners and cutters, $3.00@3.65; desirable veal calves, $11.75@12.25. Hogs—Receipts, 10,000; dull; around 10c lower; bulk, 170-210-pound averages, $10.25@10.35; $10.40 practical top; two loads, $10.55 early; out of line. Good and choice, 240-275-pound butchers, mostly $10.00@10.35; bulk packing sows, $7.75@8.25; bulk desirable weight pigs around $9.50; estimated holdovers, 3,000; heavy, $9.25@10.25; medium, $9.90@10.45; light, $10.00@10.40; light, $9.80@10.20; packing sows, smooth, $7.85@8.50; packing sows, rough, $7.25@7.75; killing pigs, $8.75@9.75. Sheep—Receipts, 4,000; mostly direct; compared week ago, fat sheep and lambs mostly 25c lower; some heavy ewes off more; feeding lambs, 25c higher; closing top native lambs, $14.50; bulk, $13.75@14.25; culls, mostly $9.00@9.50; fat heavy ewes, $3.50@4.00; lighter weights up to $6.75; week's top feeding lambs, $14.65; bulk, $14.00@14.50.

SCOTLAND YARD LOSES EXPERT

Uncanny Ability to Solve Mysteries Cause of Much Comment.

The "Sherlock Holmes" of the home office announces he is giving up the work which for many years has proved invaluable in the assistance of Scotland Yard. He is Dr. Stilsbury who has an uncanny knack of describing, after a close examination of wounds in a victim whose case is being investigated, the height of the assailant, the respective positions of the assailant and his victim when the crime was committed and the order in which the wounds were inflicted.

For a long time Dr. Stilsbury was baffled by what was known as the "Brides in the Bath" case. The defendant in the celebrated case, George Smith, testified that each of his three wives fainted in the bath and so were drowned. Smith's plea was borne out by the fact that there were no signs of struggle, that other inmates of his house had heard no cries and that no water had been splashed on the floor of the bathroom.

Dr. Stilsbury evenutally, in the course of his experiments, prevailed on a couple of hospital nurses to take turn flopping about in a bath, while he tried to drown them. In this way, he succeeded in demonstrating how easy the murderer's task really had been.

FIERY, ITCHY ECZEMA HEALED RIGHT UP BY APPLYING SULPHUR

Any breaking out of the skin, even fiery, itching eczema, can be quickly overcome by applying a little Mentho-Sulphur, says a noted skin specialist. Because of its germ destroying properties, this sulphur preparation instantly brings ease from skin irritation, soothes and heals the eczema right up and leaves the skin clear and smooth.

It seldom fails to relieve the torment and disfigurement. Sufferers from skin trouble should get a little jar of Rowles Mentho-Sulphur from any good druggist and use it like a cold cream.

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Go over them each week and write to advertisers whose proposition interest you. Say you saw the ad in THE TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE.

Over One Million Persons See These Little Ads Every Week

CHARGE FOR SPACE—75c cents per line (count six words to a line). Send cash with order. No advertisement accepted for less than two lines nor more than forty-two lines. Advertisements that reach us Tuesday morning will appear in issue of that week.

Only Reliable Advertisements Printed

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Be a Detective; excellent opportunity; good pay, travel. Write C. T. Ludwig, 205 Westover Bldg., Kansas City., Mo.

AGENTS WANTED

AGENTS WANTED to advertise our goods and distribute free samples to consumers, 90c per hour. Write for full particulars. American Products Co., 7726 American Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio.

SONG POEMS WANTED.

Write the Words for a Song. We compose music. Submit your poems to us at once. New York Melody Corporation, 428 Fitzgerald Bldg., New York.

UNDERGROUND TREASURES.

Underground Treasures—How and where to find them; particulars 2c. Dept. T, Model Co., Como Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

FRUIT TREES

FRUIT TREES GREATLY REDUCED PRICE. Direct to Planters. No agents. Peaches, apples, pears, plums, cherries, grapes, berries, nuts, pecans, mulberries, ornamental trees, vines and shrubs. Free 64-page catalog. Tennessee Nursery Co., Box 132, Cleveland, Tenn.

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Tobacco or snuff habit cured or no pay. $1.00 if cured. Remedy sent on trial. Superba Co., TH, Baltimore, Md.

MEDICAL.

WOULD YOU give $10 to have 1 inch a week added to your arms in firm muscle and other muscles in proportion? That's what we can do for you, or refund your money. Remit today and we will send at once the World's Greatest Muscle Building Course. Watch your muscles swell. H. P. Agency, Lenoir, N. C.

MISCELLANEOUS FARMS FOR SALE

300-Acre Farm With Horses, 3 Cows, 350 bu. Potatoes

150 bu. corn, 75 bu. oats, hay, stovewood, hog, poultry, vehicles, implements; on motor boulevard mile large village; city markets; heavy cropping tillage, pasture with trout brook, about 2,000 cards wood with ready market at high prices; 200,000 ft. timber; 50 apples trees; 8-room house overlooking lake bordering farm; 70-ft. barn, garage, poultry house. Owner called away, $3900 takes all, part cash. Traveling directions this and 105 acres, fully equipped, $1400 shown same trip, page 89 New Illus. Catalog 1200 Bargains FREE. STROUT FARM AGENCY 150S Nassau St., New York City.

MONTANA WOMAN SUCCESSFUL AS HEAD OF BIG IRON WORKS

Courage, vision, patience. These explained Miss M. Cerula Woodbury at Great Falls, Mont., president of the Great Falls iron works, are the main requisites for success in business. "One needs courage first, of course," said Miss Woodbury, who has the distinction of being probably the only woman in the United States at the head of a prosperous iron plant, "and vision that projects the finished product; and then plenty of patience to wait for the accomplishment of the dream.

"I have watched our present plant grow from a few small buildings that seemed so far out of Great Falls that many friends jokingly asked why we did not move into the city. But I have also seen the city grow up about our establishment, which extended from those few small buildings to its present fine capacity. And a good steady job of creative work is a lot of fun, after all, isn't it?"

Doubled the Output.

The business over which she is executive head was founded by her father, L. S. Woodbury, about 30 years ago. For many years Miss Woodbury was his chief assistant and about 1907 took over the active management. Because of her thorough knowledge of the industry she became her father's logical successor about five years ago, when the company was reorganized. Since then she has doubled the output of the establishment, which employs more than 150 men.

As president of the company Miss Woodbury supervises every department. She is in intimate and constant touch not only with the business offices, but with the machine shops, foundry, structural and blacksmith shops. It has been said "she is quick to recognize indications of business conditions needing wholesome thought and keeps fully abreast of all new developments affecting her field of effort."

Has Viewpoint of Employes.

Miss Woodbury explained that she aims always to make the enterprise a benefit both to the employes and the community in which they live and to this end she maintains the most democratic and friendly relation with all of them, including their families. "I want my people to have full return for their work," she volunteered, "and I want, as well, to have our output sold exactly as we represent it."

This feminine Vulcan admits being a natural optimist, always feeling confident of the ultimate success of any worthy undertaking. She frequently has been urged to enter the contest for mayor, but says for the present she has all she can do properly to conduct her foundries and machine shops.

Titled Man Heads Guild of Barbers

A reminder of the survival of the ancient trade guilds in London, long after their members have ceased to have any connection with trades they ostensibly represent, is provided by the election of Sir Samuel G. Shead as chairman of the company of barbers for the ensuing year.

Sir Samuel never was a barber, and if any of his ancestors ever were he has forgotten it. And the same is true of all the members of the company. But they are very proud of the old traditions which the company once maintained, and got together on stated occasions to eat a generous dinner, washed down with good wine, and listen to speeches about the good old times.

The company is an ancient one. It was incorporated in 1461, and 50 years later an act was passed which prevented any persons not members of the company from practicing surgery within seven miles of the city of London unless they had been licensed by the bishop of London.

Barbers were versatile folk in those times, combining the avocations of surgeon and dentist with the work of trimming hair and beards.

The art of tinning plate is said to have been invented in Bohemia, in the 16th century.

Don't fail to give your kitchen a thorough airing once every day at least.

Cured Her Rheumatism

Knowing from terrible experience the suffering caused by rheumatism, Mrs. J. E. Hurst, who lives at 508 E. Olive St., B-418, Bloomington, Ill., is so thankful at having cured herself that out of pure gratitude she is anxious to tell all other sufferers just ow to get rid of their torture by a simple way at home.

Mrs. Hurst has nothing to sell. Merely cut out this notice, mail it to her with your own name and address, and she will gladly send you this valuable information entirely free. Write her at once before you forget.

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"Reo" Cluster Metal Shingles, V-Crimp, Corrugated, Standing Seam, Painted or Galvanized Roofings, Sidings, Wallboard, Paints, etc., direct to you at Rock-Bottom Factory Prices. Save money—get better quality and lasting satisfaction.

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GOLD MEDAL HAARLEM OIL CAPSULES

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Send to Nearest Druggist for a Box of Pyramid Pile Suppositories—Their Soothing Influence Is Remarkable.

In the privacy of your own home Pyramid Pile Suppositories give blessed relief from itching, bleeding

or protruding piles, hemorrhoids and such rectal troubles. And it is a comfort to know you can call or send to the nearest drug store and get a 60 cent box anywhere in the U. S. and Canada. Take no substitute. A single box is often sufficient.

You can have a free trial package by sending name and address to Pyramid Drug Co., 619 Pyramid Bldg., Marshall, Mich.

12 U. S. SHIPS TO AID RELIEF WORK IN ASIA

American Destroyers Ordered to Constantinople Won't Join in Political Demonstrations.

Detailed orders went out from the navy department last week to the commandant of the Norfolk navy yard for the departure of the 12 destroyers and the supply ship Bridge, for a dash across the Atlantic to join the American squadron at Constantinople.

While the additional war vessels are being sent "for the protection of American interests at the request of Rear Admiral Bristol, the American high commissioner in Constantinople, naval officials made it plain that the destroyers were not to join in any political demonstration that might be decided upon by the allies.

To Carry Extra Supplies.

The ships will carry extra supplies and provisions and are to be used by Admiral Bristol in the relief work already under way in the territory devastated in the fighting around Smyrna between the Greeks and Turks.

Orders for the movement of the destroyers, following so closely upon the formal statement of Secretary of State Hughes that the United States is fully in sympathy with the demands of the three allied governments that the Turkish straits be kept open and that there be full freedom in the Dardanelles, the Bosporus and the Sea of Marmora, it was pointed out in unofficial quarters, would automatically serve to give assurance to the allies in their negotiations with the Turkish nationalists.

American naval forces in the Mediterranean will be further augmented by the cruiser Pittsburgh, now being repaired at the Philadelphia navy yard. The Pittsburgh is to sail for Gibraltar, where she is to be boarded by Vice Admiral Long. Admiral Long will then go to Constantinople to observe condidtions and to co-operate with Admiral Bristol.

Captain in Command.

Captain Charles M. Tozer was designated by Secretary of the Navy Denby to command the squadron ordered to Constantinople. Captain Tozer is aboard the destroyer Hopkins off the Virginia Capes. The Hopkins will serve as the flagship of the squadron.

All of the destroyers which will participate in the dash to Constantinople have been ordered to put in at Hampton Roads, Va., to take on enough supplies to last three months. It was said at the navy department that efforts would be made to rush the supplies aboard, but that a week might elapse before the ships were ready to sail.

The names of the destroyers ordered to Turkish waters were announced by the navy department as follows:

Hatfield, Gilmer, Fox, Kane, Hopkins, Bainbridge, McFarland, Overton, Sturtevant, King, Barry and Goff.

Buddhism Is Rival of Christian Creed

"Buddhism is the probable rival of Christianity in the Far East," said Professor Soothill, who at one time occupied the chair of Chinese at Oxford university, in an address before the conference of modern churchmen. His remark has created something of a sensation in church circles.

"Buddhism," the professor stated, "can adopt and adapt at will. It has recently adopted Christian methods wholesale. Its ideas are at work in the West, even in our churches. Buddhism calls for sympathetic study, and the day may come when the best men in Buddhism and Christianity will meet together to discuss the possibilities of working together for the salvation of the world.

"Buddhism, originally little more than psychology and ethics is today a religion and the only probable world rival to the two other propagandist religions, Christianity and Islam. Islam has a closed creed. Christianity is writhing in its own bonds but will burst them. Buddhism has none. Buddhism is spreading in China."

Facts About Child-Birth

AN eminent physician has shown to thousands of expectant mothers just how to be free from dread, and from much of the suffering which many mothers experience for months, right up to the moment when the Little One arrives!

Mrs. Wm. Washington, 107 Louise Ave., Nashville, Tenn., says: "There is positively no woman on earth that would be without 'Mother's Friend' during expectancy if she only knew the value of comfort."

"Mother's Friend" is externally applied to the region of the abdomen, back and hips. It relieves the tension on nerves and ligaments as month follows month. Finally, it makes child-birth a joy instead of a painful dread.

Use "Mother's Friend" as our mothers and grandmothers did. Don't wait, start today, and meanwhile write to Bradfield Regulator Co., BA-47, Atlanta, Ga., for a free wonderful book containing information every expectant mother should have. Get a bottle of "Mother's Friend" today. It is sold by all druggists—everywhere.

U. S. Coal Distributors

—Wide World Photo.

HERE is Federal Fuel Administrator Spens and his working staff who will direct the distribution of coal this Winter. Photo shows, left to right: C. L. Spens, R. J. Conn, assistant administrator; C. J. Hepburn, general counsel, and F. A. Wadleigh, assistant administrator.

DRY LAW REPEAL URGED BY JURY

Report to San Francisco Court Says Volstead Act Is Farce.

Prohibition is "detrimental, oppressive and undemocratic" and the prohibition law "is a farce," the San Francisco county grand jury held in a final report to the superior court.

The jury report calls on all California's representatives in congress to seek the repeal of the Volstead law or to have it amended so that light wines and beer may be sold.

The maintenance of prohibition is causing an increase in the number of narcotic cases, the sale of cheap poisonous liquors of the "bootleg" variety, the sale of "bootleg" whisky which is causing a number of deaths throughout the country and an increase in the number of "grave" crimes, says the report.

Youths, who never touched liquor before, are drinking the noxious beverages and are becoming habitual drunkards, the report continues, and the rich are able to purchase good intoxicating liquor while the poor are the victims of "bootleggers."

The report concludes with the statement that the "bootleggers are in favor of prohibition and are supporting the dry cause."

LANDOWNERS SEE NATIONALIZATION

British Property Holders Fail in Obligations to Tenants.

Nationalization of the land is inevitable in Great Britain unless land owners justify their position.

Lord Bledisloe, authority on agriculture and during the war parliamentary secretary of the ministry of food, makes this prediction.

The history of agriculture in the United Kingdom for the last 70 years does not redound to the credit of either landowners or statesmen, Lord Bledisloe says.

"Landowners who should have taken the lead have failed to do so," the lord says. "The British agricultural landowner today is on trial.

Predicts Public Action.

"Unless he justifies himself as such, nationalization of the land is inevitable. Public opinion will demand his extinction and parliament will endorse the demand.

"Many landowners have been for the last two generations mere rent receivers and have possessed neither the knowledge nor the inclination personally to administer their estates, still less to cultivate them on commercial lines for their own and the nation's benefit.

"So far as they have been organized as a class of the community they have been organized not as producers of wealth but as defenders of property and as such their organization has, in a highly democratic country, afforded them a small and steadily decreasing measure of security.

Little Service Given.

"They have thus lost their political power because it had no economic basis."

For the past generation and more landowners of Great Britain have failed to carry out reforms or perform services to those living off the land. The agricultural position of Great Britain has been weakened through failure of the landed classes to develop their buildings, Lord Bledisloe charges.

Lord Bledisloe is an advocate of land reforms and of striking reforms in marketing of agricultural products, one of his projects being elimination of superfluous and unnecessary middle men.

Titled Russ Girls Are Translators

Higher education having been the privilege of the comparatively well-to-do in Russia, the offices of the American relief administration in Moscow are crowded with princesses and an occasional countess. For the A. R. A. needed a numerous staff of translators and found them among the educated young women of the city, many of whom were adorned with titles.

They did well, for the English governesses who went out to Russia in the old days before the war were conscientious young women, and worked hard. But a translator often has his own point of view as to what is worth translating, and sometimes also amusing errors crop in. One young woman, a countess, whose duty it was to translate the Moscow papers, invariably added a list of the current theatrical entertainments. Based on her previous training, this was her idea of real news. One of her notes recorded that "The Shaver of Seville" would be given in Moscow that night.

Unhurt as Flyer Destroys Truck

Blair Runyan, employe of the Ohio state highway commission, escaped unhurt recently in Kings Mills, O., when a truck he was driving was hurled 200 feet and demolished by a Pennsylvania passenger train traveling at the rate of 65 miles an hour. When members of the train crew sought Runyan's "remains" they found him sitting on the engine's cowcatcher without a scratch.

YANKEE MULE REIGNS OVER ARMENIAN OX

Lop-Eared Beast Surpasses Tractor for Farming Purposes There.

The American mule is 2.06 times as efficent as the Armenian ox, and 2.68 times as efficient as the Caucasian horse, say figures reported by the American farming experts in charge of the agricultural program of the Near East in the Caucasus.

These computations are made on a cost-efficiency basis, taking into consideration capital investment, upkeep, length of service, and amount of work accomplished. The mule beats even the tractor in small farming operations, but farms of more than 500 acres bring down tractor costs per unit of work done to a basis below that of the mule.

American mules were introduced about a year ago. American relief organizations now use 300 of these animals on their various agricultural relief projects. Plans for the breeding of the American type mule on Armenian soil shortly will be carried into effect in northern Armenia.

TO CARRY MAIL ACROSS POLE

Explorer Amundsen Will Deliver Letters of Nome Folk to Europeans.

One of the most spectacular chapters in the annals of world-wide postal delivery may be written when Captain Roald Amundsen, famous Norwegian explorer, wings his airplane from the tip of Alaska to northernmost Europe via the North Pole. With him in his monoplane will ride a mail sack containing letters written by Nome residents for delivery to friends in Europe.

If weather conditions had not forced a postponement of the flight until next year, these letters might have reached their destination a week ahead of the time required to make delivery by the established routes. As it is, arriving perhaps more than a year later, they will have a priceless historical value to their recipients, who will doubtless follow the affairs of their explorer-postman with intensified interest.

A report by Postmaster Walsh of Nome to Seattle postal officials says the letters were written when Capt. Amundsen was about to depart from the mining camp on his way to Wainwright, 100 miles southwest of Point Barrow, where he will winter awaiting favorable conditions for his proposed flight.

BRITISH TILLERS ARE UNDERPAID

Writer Says Middlemen Are Getting Big Profits in England.

"Farmers and their laborers are profoundly dissatisfied with the meager reward accorded to their toil," writes the labor correspondent to the London Daily Mail, following a tour of the agricultural districts in England. "It is true that farmers are notorious grumblers," he says, "but there can be no doubt that at the present time they have exceptional, perhaps unprecedented, cause therefor.

"Through some gross and glaring defect in our distributive methods a monstrous proportion of their labor's just wage is failing into the pockets of profiteering middlemen, and little or nothing of it goes to the actual workers and producers. The result is that the farmers are unable to afford decent pay for their laborers, and are even compelled in many cases to dispense with paid work altogether. Consequently the state has to maintain thousands of men in idleness at a cost of millions of pounds, while the land is being starved in productiveness for lack of labor.

"At the same time, in the vital defensive business of self-feeding, the country is losing all that it gained during the war. Most of the land which was under the plough is returning to permanent pasture. In 1918 we had 12,309,000 acres of arable land; last year we had only 11,309,000. Yet the grass land is 1,401,000 less than in 1914, and the total area of both crops and grass has diminished by more than 1,000,000 acres."

TREMENDOUS VALUE FOR 15c

Leading Weekly Magazine of Nation's Capital Makes Remarkably Attractive Offer.

Washington, D. C., Oct. 4—People everywhere are hurrying to take advantage of the Pathfinder's wonderful offer to send that splendid illustrated news and story paper to new readers thirteen weeks for 15 cents. It costs the editor a lot of money to do this, but he says it pays to invest in new friends. You will like this paper; it is chuck full of just the kind of reading the people want, as its half-million subscribers testify; it will keep you posted on activities at the nation's capital and the world over. Splendid stories and rare miscellany; question box is a mine of information. Only 15 cents in stamps or coin mailed at once to Pathfinder, 19, Langdon Sta., Washington, D. C., will bring you for 13 weeks the breeziest, cleanest, sanest, most entertaining paper there is; you will be delighted.

PENNIES OF HINDU BUY SACRIFICE GOAT

Hindus save their pennies for years so that they may buy goats for sacrifices, reports a native teacher in a school near Lucknow, maintained by the Board of Sunday schools, Methodist Episcopal church. Savings of months are spent for flowers to be scattered on the waters of the Ganges. Others save for a lifetime that they may journey to the sacred river and wash away their sins.

HARDING HALTS ACTIVITIES OF U. S. DRY NAVY

Search of Foreign Vessels Beyond Three-Mile Limit by Prohibition Fleet Is Forbidden.

Curtailment of the activities of American prohibition enforcement officers on the high seas was decided upon last week by President Harding and the cabinet.

Search of foreign vessels for contraband liquor outside the international three-mile limit may be made hereafter, it was stated authoritatively, only in the event that the vessels actually establish communication with American shores by means of their own crews or small boats. Seizure under such circumstances was upheld recently by United States Judge Morton in Boston in the case of the British schooners Grace and Ruby. An appeal in that case has been taken to supreme court. It was stated that a decision will be hastened.

Foreign vessels outside the three-mile limit, unloading their cargoes of contraband rum onto craft from American shores, would not come within the federal law, in the view of high administration officials. The American craft undertaking to land the contraband, however, would be subject to search and seizure.

Enforcement of the prohibition act at sea, which for some time has been the subject of diplomatic exchanges between the American and British governments, occupied much of the time of the cabinet. Search of foreign vessels for contraband liquor within 12 miles of the coast line has been undertaken by prohibition officers under the direction of custom officials and under a more than century old custom laws.

The executve and his advisors took the view that there are some authorizations in this law out of harmony with international law and which, if carried out, probably would cause the United States international embarrassment.

BURIED TOWN FOUND IN MINN.

Discover Underground Dwellings 2,000 Years Old in North Country.

Working from vague descriptions of a supposedly ancient town near old copper mine workings on Isle Royle, Minn., off the north shore of Lake Superior, William P. F. Ferguson of Franklin, Pa., an archaeologist, found a series of semi-underground dwellings which, he said, are the remains of a city inhabited 1,000 to 2,000 years ago.

Ferguson came out of the North country from his third trip with a party of six aides and departed for the East after making known his discovery in the hope of equipping a party to make more extensive examination of the district.

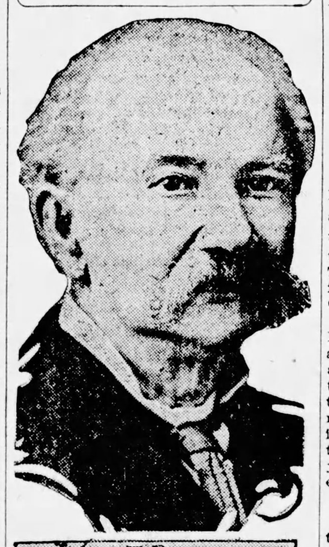
"Everyone knows," Ferguson said, "that copper was mined on Isle Royle many years ago on land now covered with pine trees. The island is covered with traces of these mines and yet almost nothing has been done to explore the workings.

"No one has found any of the remains of the old miners, although there are many stories of finding tempered copper weapons. I have found several stone hammers, each supplied with thongs and have been interested for the last three years in establishing reports that a town existed on the south end of the island.

"A writer named Gilman was authority for this report 50 years ago, but his description and location were so vague that it was impossible for any one to make anything out of them."

Ferguson made his first trip in the region at the outlet of Siskiwitt lake, which he said he thought tallied with Gilman's data, but there was no trace of a town. Last year he found a waterfall which he thought was the one mentioned in Gilman's report. Because of the lateness of the season, however, the explorer was unable to finish his work. On his third trip he was rewarded by finding what he considers traces of a town between Haybay and the waterfall on the south side of Isle Royle.

Oldest Editor in U. S.



John T. Beem, publisher and editor of the Du Quoin (Ill.) Tribune, is called the oldest active newspaper editor in America. He began his career as a printer's "devil" when he was 10 years old and has spent 72 years in his chosen profession. He served in the federal army during the Civil war—the only break in his newspaper service. His most treasured possession is a letter of congratulation on his eighty-second birthday, received from Warren G. Harding of Marion, O., editor of the Marion (O.) Star, when he isn't working as President of these United

Long Live the King!

RUSSIA ALLOWS PRIESTS TO WED

Matrimony Is Made Easier When New Church Becomes Active.

Questions relating to the right of marriage of the clergy have been threshed out at the congress of the "new living church," which aims to succeed the old orthodox church of Russia. The conclusion was reached by the "young clergy," as they call themselves, that virtually all restrictions of wedlock be removed.

After devoting several days to discussing matters of matrimony it was decided to permit married priests to become archbishops; to allow priests to marry a second time and retain the same dignity as before; to permit monks to marry after they have renounced their vows and without losing their rank of honor and to permit priests to marry widows. It was decided not to consider as an obstacle to marriages the fourth degree of relationship.

Requests to the Soviet government providing for transfer of all the treasures of the churches and monasteries of the old regime were framed as part of the program gradually to take over affairs of the old Russian orthodox church.

The new living church desires the establishment of a single church treasury and in this connection it has made plans for handling all sums collected in churches of Russia, the government having been asked to make it possible for the new element to take over administration of church affairs. This includes a tax to be collected from worshippers; revenues from cemeteries and all other sources from which money is derived.

KLAN SOUTHERN CAMPAIGN ISSUE

Democrats Are Seeking to Retrieve Power in Tennessee.

Prohibition, Muscles Shoals, the soldiers' bonus, the congressional farm bloc, the Ku Klux Klan, and the attitude of candidates touching organized labor are figuring in the political campaigns in several southern states. Democrats are endeavoring to bring Tennessee back to the formerly "Solid South."

Both parties in Tennessee are preparing for the first national and gubernatorial contest since the state broke away two years ago from the Democratic "Solid South" by voting for President Harding, electing a Republican governor and dividing its congressional seats equally between the two major parties. The primaries Aug. 3 followed one of the hardest fought Tennessee campaigns of recent years.

Wins on Record.

United States Senator Kenneth D. McKellar, who was renominated by the Democrats, based his campaign upon his senatorial record, his support of the Wilson adminstration, and his advocacy of the soldiers' bonus. He was understood to have the support of organized labor, and was definitely endorsed by several labor organizations. His nearest opponent, Captain Gus T. Fitzhugh, assailed Senator McKellar's record on his position on the bonus.

Former Governor Westmoreland Davis, defeated for the Democratic senatorial nomination in Virginia by the incumbent Senator Swanson, had announced his intention of affiliating with the farm bloc if elected. He had announced also he did not care for the support of the Anti-Saloon League in Virginia. Senator Swanson stood on his record.

Klan Is Issue.

The Ku Klux Klan was made an issue of the Democratic primary campaign in some sections of Arkansas, and the ticket sanctioned by the Klansmen led in Pulaski county and in Little Rock, its county seat, at the primary Aug. 3. Neither of the gubernatorial candidates took sides in this controversy, but Governor T. C. McRae, whose nomination Aug. 8 was regarded as equivalent to election, was understood to have been indorsed by Klan supporters. He made his fight on his record and a platform of rigid enforcement of laws touching Sabbath observance and prohibition. He was indorsed by a number of union labor leaders.

Angelo Earned $32 for Month's Labor

Modern artists who are inclined to complain of the lack of appreciation of the public, expressed in dollars and cents, of their work, may be interested in the money made by some of their famous predecessors.

The ancient masters of painting labored for small pay. Cimabue, the first of the great masters and the discoverer of Giotto, was paid about one dollar a day, but he had to share this income with an assistant. Giotto himself, called the father of painting and the producer of many fine masterpieces, got from $5 to $11 for each of his figures. Michael Angelo, Leonarda da Vinci and Raphael lived in what may be called the golden age of art, yet the first two received salaries of $32 a month, and the last named got $250 for a portrait.

LORD WITHOUT CASH WOULD SHED TITLE

It is hard to be relatively poor, yet compelled by the circumstances of birth to hide the fact and even play the part of a madcap spender.

A certain lord writes to a London newspaper:

"I have to wear a tall hat and the tail coat of conventionality. I have to tip well and cheerfully, and at the same time count every penny. When friends from abroad come to town I have to entertain them—which is a pleasure, but oh! the plotting and the planning and mean little economies that I have to practice! Without a title I should be a comparatively happy man. But I inherited it and I cannot shed it.

"A wealthy American once said to me, 'You British peers have a jolly good time!' I tried to explain to him that we too had responsibilities, but he countered this by saying, 'I would give anything to be a man of title.' And I would have given a great deal to be plain 'Mr.' with all his money."

RED PIMPLES ON FACE 3 YEARS

Itched and Burned. Lost Sleep. Cuticura Heals.

"My face was affected with pimples for about three years. They were hard and red, and festered and scaled over. The pimples itched and burned causing me to scratch and irritate them, and I lost many a night's sleep on account of the irritation.

"I read an advertisement for Cuticura Soap and Ointment and sent for a free sample which helped me so I purchased more, and after using four cakes of Soap with the Ointment, I was healed." (Signed) Miss Martha Theusch, R. 2, Box 45, Vining, Minn.

Give Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Talcum the care of your skin.

Sample Each Free by Mail. Address: "Cuticura Laboratories, Dept. R, Malden 48, Mass." Sold everywhere. Soap 25c. Ointment 25 and 50c. Talcum 25c. Cuticura Soap shaves without mug.

Says Movies Began in Confucius' Day

The earliest idea of a moving picture was recorded in the time of Confucius, the Chinese philosopher who lived 500 years before Christ. At least this is the deduction drawn from his studies into the question by Will Day, a well known figure in the English film world, who has exhibited in London a collection of relics and machines tracing the growth of the moving picture from the first primitive idea to its present form.

The "shadow shows" of the time of Confucius are the first of all endeavors to present animated pictures. From this early time, however, there was a long period of inactivity in development, for the next record of progressive achievement is found in 1646, when Athanasius Kircher published a book in Latin entitled "Ars Magnalycus et Umbrae," in which a description and illustration is given of a moving picture which the writer had evolved with mirrors and a tallow candle for illuminant.

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WEEK IN SPORT

First game of the world's series was scheduled to start on Wednesday with the New York Yankees and New York Giants as participants, the same as in the series of 1921. The first six games will be played on consecutive days, with the teams alternating as the "home club." If a seventh game is necessary it will be played after an interval of a day. There are only seven games this year.

The finish in the American league race was close, the Yankees being only six points ahead of the St. Louis Browns. The Yanks lost their bigger lead when they dropped two out of three games with the Red Sox as well as their final game of the season with Washington. Detroit was a poor third, Chicago was fourth and Cleveland, Washington, Philadelphia finished in the second division in the order named.

The Giants had a comfortable lead over the other teams in the National when the final game of the season was played. Cincinnati finished second, with Pittsburgh and St. Louis tied for third place and close behind the Reds. Chicago, Broklyn, Philadelphia and Boston finished in the second division in the order named.

Rogers Hornsby is the batting king of the National league. The St. Louis Cardinal star ended the season with a batting average of .401, the first time the feat has been accomplished since 1899, when Ed Delehanty had a mark of .408.

Hornsby is also champion home-run clouter of 1922, having secured 42 during the season, Ken Williams of the Browns ranked second with 39; C. Walker of the Athletics had 38 and Babe Ruth was fourth with 35.

Abe Mitchell of England won the open championship of the Southern Golf association at Nashville, Tenn., in a play-off with Leo Diegel of New Orleans with whom he was tied after 72 holes of play.

Although no upsets marked football in the East Saturday when practically all of the major and minor colleges swung into action, several of the prominent elevens, notably Harvard and Yale, encountered unexpected opposition from supposedly weak teams.

Mrs. Molla Mallory of New York, national woman tennis champion, gained permanent possession of the Ardsley, N. Y., singles cup by defeating Miss Mary K. Browne of Los Angeles in the final round, 6-1, 2-6, 7-5. It was the third successive year that Mrs. Mallory has won the title.

Miss Glenna Collett, 19-year-old Providence, R. I., girl, is the new woman golf champion of the United States. She defeated Mrs. William A. Gavin, brilliant English player, in a 36-hole match to end the national woman's tournament at White Sulphur Springs, W. Va.

Leslie Nunamaker, veteran catcher, has been released unconditionally by the Cleveland Indians to become manager of the Chattanooga team of the Southern association next year.

54-40-OR-FIGHT LINE IN THRACE PUTS THE FAVOR AGAINST TURKS

The Maritza river, which recently has come to the front in the news, as the limit of European territory the allied powers are willing to give the victorious Turks, is described as Turkey's "fifty-four-forty or fight" in a bulletin issued by the National Geographic society.

"The Maritza river is, like the Rhine between France and Germany, a symbol and a bone of contention among Bulgaria, Greek and Turk the society says. "Each of these three peoples has claimed the Maritza valley as belonging to it. Such is the racial mix-up in Thrace and the portion of Macedonia which adjoins it that each has at least some excuse for its claims.

Sector Is Christian.

Thrace has for 500 years been in the anomalous condition of being Turkish territory, yet more Christian than Mohammedan, more alien than Turk. Moreover, the non-Turks-non-Mohammedans were more intelligent and more industrious than the Moslems, a fact which has heightened the non-Turkish aspect of the country in spite of the burden of heavy taxation, persecution and massacre, which the non-Turks have had placed on their shoulders.

"More or less unconsciously, the Turks seem, throughout their tenure of half a millennium in Europe, to have considered themselves engaged in a military occupation. In the trade and industry of the towns and cities they did not and could not compete with the Greeks and Jews and Armenians; and in the agricultural pursuits of the country they were equally outclassed by the Bulgars and Vlachs and the occasional Greeks, who are farmers. Many of the Turks confined their activities to the cities, where they were rulers or soldiers. Those who led the lives of peasants never wholly shook off their nomadism. They were less efficient than their despised Christian neighbors, a fact which led to many a pillaging and massacring expedition; for the Moslems, however, humble their station, were armed, while the Christians were not.

Region Is Not Tilled.

"Eastern Thrace between the straits and the Maritza river is of little value agriculturally. It is an unattractive, dreary, monotonous plain, with here and there swampy depressions. Large areas of the territory are untilled and in Summer they give the country the appearance of a desert. Serious fighting raged over this region during the Balkan war of 1912-13 as Bulgar and Turkish arms were alternately successful. Turkish villages were destroyed first, and soon after Bulgarian villages suffered a similar fate. When the Bulgarians finally controlled the region, many Turks, resigned to fate, trekked to Asia Minor; and under the Greek control of the past few years that movement has continued. As a result the Thrace of today is even more strikingly non-Turkish than in the past."